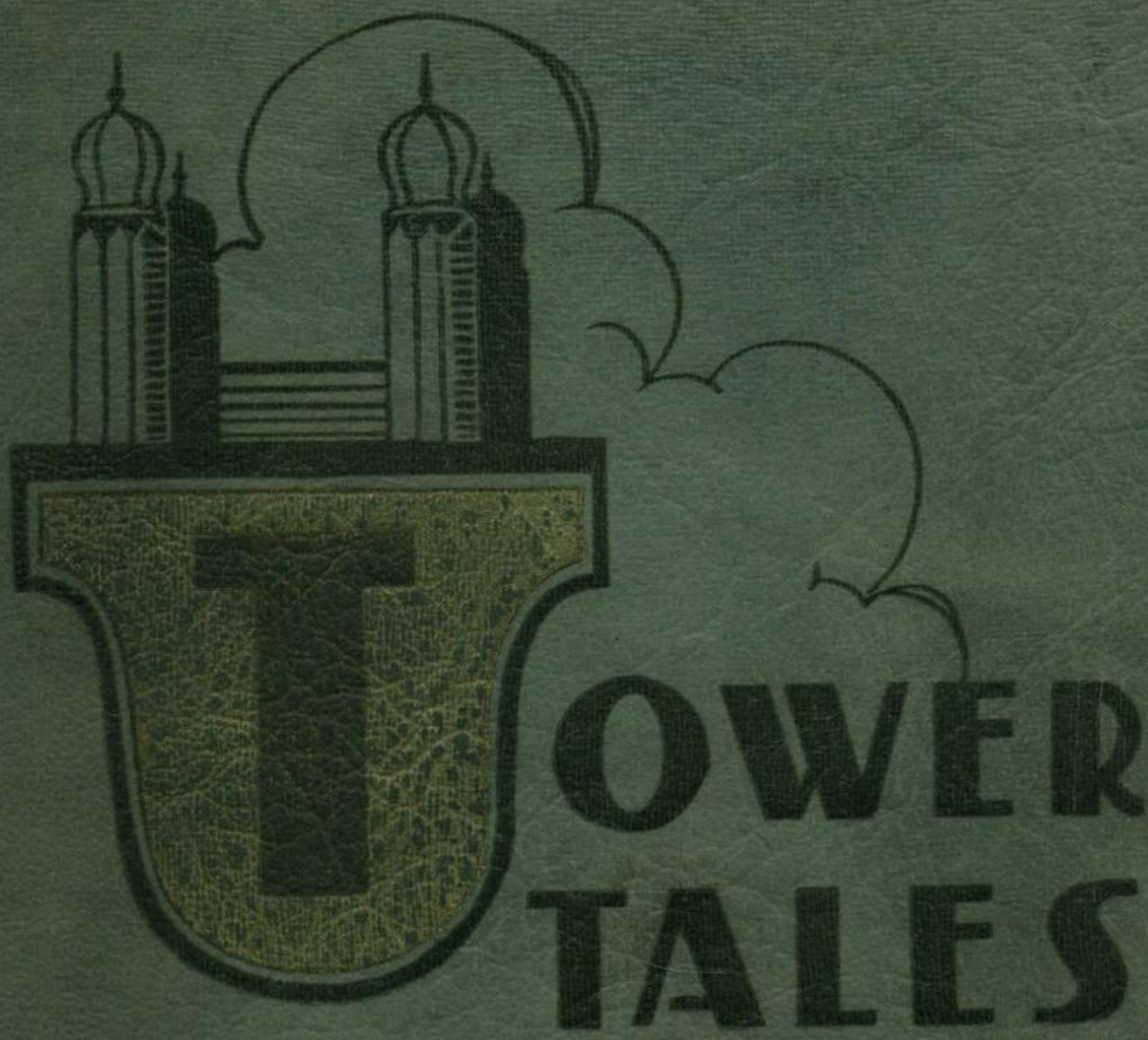

TOWER TALES

1923

E.J.
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Tower Tales

EDITED BY THE PUPILS OF
THE EAST SIDE HIGH SCHOOL

Madison, Wisconsin
Volume I
MCMXXIII

Foreword

HERE IS A MIGHTY TALLY OF YOUR DEEDS.

¶JOYFULLY WE, THOUGH ALL UNPRACTICED AT THIS NOVEL TASK, HAVE TOILED.

¶EACH PAGE IS FRAUGHT WITH TREASURED MIRTHFUL INCIDENT, OR COURAGEOUS EPISODE.

¶NOW IT IS FINISHED.

¶THIS IS OUR FIRST ENDEAVOR AND BRAVELY OFFERED.

In Memoriam

Mr. E. T. Baillie
Eleanor Johnson
Alma Newman

DEDICATION

To the first principal of East Side High,

MR. FOSTER S. RANDLE,

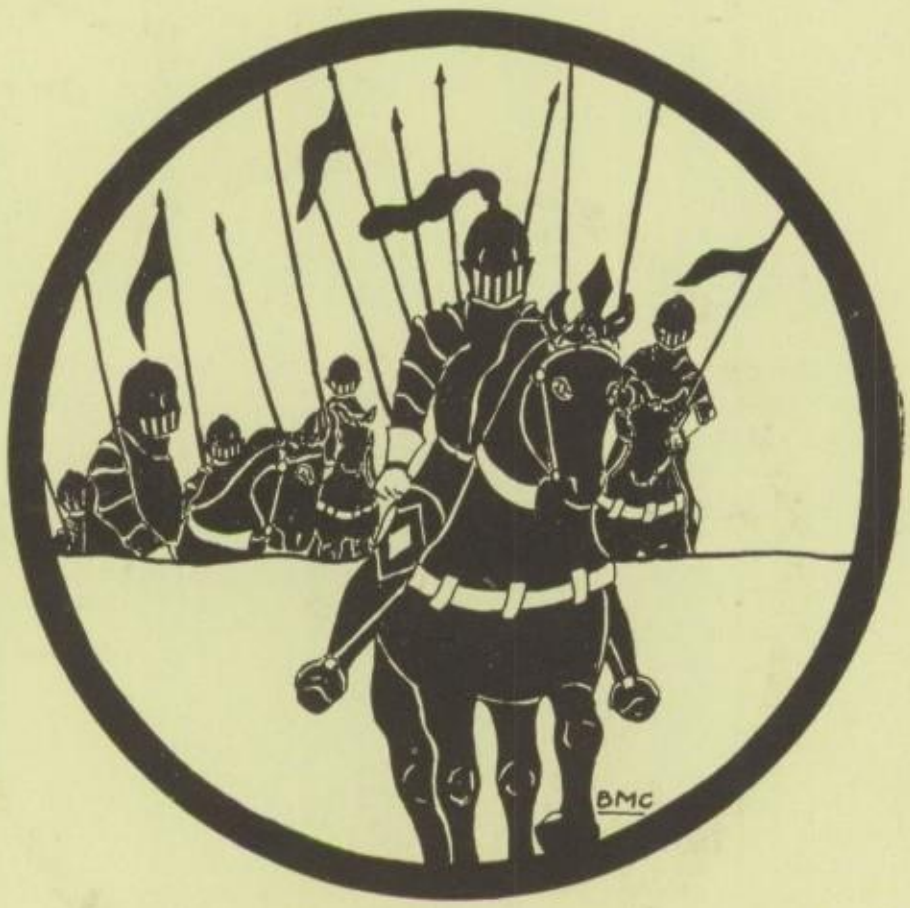
Who has so wisely ruled the realm of the Tower
As to command our respect and esteem;
Who has cooperated with us in producing this book
With the same readiness that he has given to all other school activities
We, the first class to graduate from East Side High,
With loyalty and affection,
Dedicate this first volume of "Tower Tales".

Miss Hargrave Miss Brabant Miss Conlin Miss Cook
Miss Corstvet Mrs. Davidson Miss Davis Miss Dietrich Mr. Dhein
Miss Edwards Miss Ellman Miss Ferguson Miss Finstad Miss George
Miss Gillogly Miss Hanson Miss Howe Miss Hughes

Mr. Jaquish Miss Kuhns Miss Leary Miss Lucey
Miss Mathias Miss McGillivray Miss Metcalfe Miss Mitchell Mr. Morrow
Mr. Otterson Miss Patton Miss Post Miss Powers Miss Regan
Mrs. Rodewald Mr. Stewart Miss Strong Miss Volkmann

THE KEEPER OF THE TOWER

To thee, oh keeper of the Tower,
A faithful friend each day and hour,
A man of honor, staunch and true,
In work and in play; here's to you.



THE KNIGHTS OF THE TOWER

WINNERS OF HONOR PIN

Dorothy Hess
Ralph Kamm
John Mackin
Frances Gore

STUDENTS HAVING FOUR YEARS' AVERAGE OF 90 OR ABOVE

Esther Baldwin
Grace Botham
Frances Gore
Dorothy Hess
John Mackin
Ruby Ness
Helen Sather

SENIOR SPEAKERS

Valedictory—Dorothy Hess
Salutatory—Esther Baldwin
History—Alice Anderson
Oration—Ralph Kamm
Prophecy—Mary Taylor, Philip McCurdy
Advice to Juniors—John Mackin
Toastmistress—Grace Botham
Senior Farewell—Ruby Ness

TOWER TALES STAFF

LOUIS ODEGARD
Business Manager
Ass't: JOHN MACKIN

FRANCES GORE
Editor-in-Chief

DOROTHY HESS
Assistant Editor

HELEN SATHER, *Literature*
Committee: Alice Nichols
Betty Wernig
Joyce Williams

GROVER BRUNS, *Organization*
Committee: Agnes Helmus
Dudley Uphoff
Ann Schunning

ESTHER TRACHTE, *Art Editor*
Committee: Isabell English
Laurentine Steensland
Bert McCormick

RALPH KAMM, *Humor*
Committee: Bill Hart
Howard Moran
Olive Larson

AMY JOHNSON, *Poetry*
Committee: Esther Baldwin
Esther Caughey
Frances Aylward

PHILIP MCCURDY, *Photographs*
Committee: Mary Taylor
Harold Armstrong
Grace Botham

LUCY PECKHAM, *Activities*
Committee: June Deadman
Alice Watts
Charlotte Anderson

EDWIN KO
Commit
Willard

agazine
lerson

GLADYS BRUNS, *Subscriptions*
Committee: One representative from each Home Room

ELENORE HOBBINS, *Humor*
Committee: Monona Nickles
Glenn Seifert
Margaret Meyers

RAYMOND STRAUSS, *Athletics*
Committee: Alice Purcell
Bob Schlaack
Harry Griffiths

ELIZABETH ESSER, *Snapshots*
Committee: Alfred Larson
Barbara Good
Edward Frederickson

FREDERICK WIRKA, *Cartoons*
Committee: Jack McKenna
Raymond Stansel
Loutalles Heiden

JOYCE WILLIAMS
Sophomore Representative

JACK MCKENNA
Sophomore Representative

MARGARET MEYERS
Sophomore Representative

EDWARD FREDERICKSON
Freshman Representative

BETTY WERNIG
Freshman Representative

The "TOWER TALES" Staff wishes to thank—for their willing help, and real co-operation—its sponsors:

MISS MCGILLIVRAY *(Art)*
MISS REGAN *(Literature)*
MISS POST *(Magazine)*
M[illegible] *(Photographs)*

SENIORS

SENIOR FAREWELL

FAREWELL, dear school, to thee, farewell!
Thy portals on us softly close;
We've heard thy final passing bell,
And must depart.
Thou art but yet in infancy,
As tender as each spring's first rose;
We view thee with tear and sigh,
For we must part.

We are the first to say goodbye;
We are the first to know the paid;
Each goes with unshamed tear in eye,
As we depart.
As now we take the proffered scroll,
And pass on into life's broad lane;
We're sorry we have reached the goal,
And have to part.

O, Alma Mater, know we care!
Forgive us all our errors there.
We all thy privilege abused,
Our grievances and whims confused,
Absurdities have led us oft,
And good advice we know we've scoffed;
But may those coming in our place,
Be more considerate of thy grace—
When we depart.

—FORREST MILLER, '23.

TOWER TALES

SENIOR OFFICERS

JOHN MACKIN -------- *President* --------DOROTHY HESS
RALPH KAMM ------ *Vice President* ------GROVER BRUNS
FRANCES GORE -------- *Secretary* --------PETER HAMMACHER
LOUIS ODEGARD -------- *Treasurer* --------DOROTHY HELMUS

CLASS MOTTO

Blazers of the Trail

CLASS COLORS

Lavender and White

CLASS FLOWER

Sweet Pea

ALQUISA, CLEMENT *"Clem"*

"The foremost man of all our book."

ANDERSON, ALICE

"A merry heart maketh a light countenance."

French Club, 11; Girls' Student Club, 11, 12; *Why the Chimes Rang*, 11; Music Club, 12, Secretary, 12; Latin Club, 12, President, 12; *Fanny and the Servant Problem*, 12; Winner Reading Contest, 12; Class Historian, 12.

ANDERSON, VIOLA *"Vi"*

"She's as good as she is fair."

ANDERSON, VIOLA *"V"*

"Thy voice is celestial melody."

Girls' Glee Club, 9, 10, 11, 12; Girls' Student Club, 10, 11, 12; Music Club, 12; Operetta, 12.

ARMSTRONG, HAROLD *"Scorchy"*

"He blushes with the strength of ten because his blood is pure."

Class Football, 11; Regular Football, 12; Regular Basketball, 12; Regular Track, 12; "M" Club, 12, President, 12.

BALDWIN, ESTHER *"Bunny"*

"Good things come in small packages."

Winner Class Reading Contest, 9; Good English Play, 9; Girls' Council, 10; Art Club, 12, President, 12; Girls' Civic League, 11, 12, Secretary, 11, President, 12; Music Club, 12; Salutatorian, 12.

BARBER, MORRIS

"Come and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe."

Latin Club, 12; Hi-Y, 12; Music Club, 12, Treasurer, 12.

BLUM, IRENE

"Efficient is she in penmanship."

Winner of District Penmanship Contest, 12.

Botham, Grace

"Everything she undertook, proved to be a success."

Girls' Civic League, 9, 10, 11, 12; Toastmistress, Junior - Senior Banquet, 12.

Bruns, Grover

"A man of sterling worth is he."

Class Vice President, 12; Annual Staff, 12; Technical Club, 12.

Carnes, Wilbur *"Wil"*

"A little nonsense is relished by the best of men."

Regular Track, 12

Caughey, Esther *"Est"*

"A right jolly good smile has she."

Girls' Student Club, 10, 11, 12; Girls' Glee Club, 11, 12; Music Club, 12; Operetta, 12.

Churchill, Harold

"If you want to kill time, work it to death."

Technical Club, 12.

Cripps, Aileen *"Crippy"*

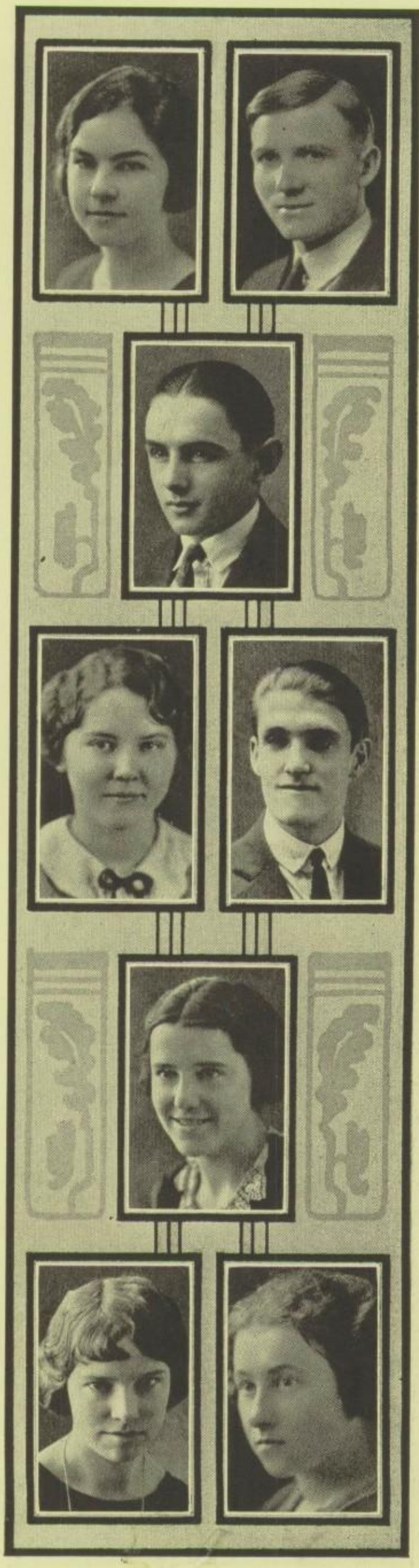
"Gentle is she and of good intent."

Davies, Edith *"Edie"*

"Some people never laugh; they only smile."

Ellingson, Josephine *"Jo"*

"Employed about many things."



FIELD, GRANT *"Greeny"*

"He has the qualities of an athlete."

Regular Basketball, 12; Regular Track, 12; "M" Club, 12.

FOUTS, NANCY

"Silence is golden."

GALLAGHER, HELEN *"Speedy"*

"Never ready, always late;
But she smiles, and you wait."

Girls' Civic League, 9, 10, 11, 12; Operetta, 12; Music Club, 12.

GORE, FRANCES *"Fran"*

"A girl whom we must admire,
For she is all which we desire."

Girls' Student Club, 11, 12, Secretary, 11, President, 12; Vice President French Club, 11; Girls' Debating Club, 11; Chorus, 9, 10; Class Secretary, 12; Editor *Tower Tales*, 12; Music Club, 12; Art Club, 12; *Fanny and the Servant Problem*, 12; Honor Pin, 12.

HAMACHER, PETER *"Peter"*

"Skilled in every manly sport."

Regular Football, 12; Regular Basketball, 12; Captain, 12; Class Secretary, 12; "M" Club, 12; President, 12.

HARBORT, ALICE *"Alie"*

"That wee, small voice."

HARTUNG, HELEN

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

Orchestra, 10, 11; Winner of District Mental Calculation Contest, 12.

HEIDEN, LOUTALLES *"Lou"*

"He says he's such a little speck,
The girls won't notice him, by heck."

Basketball, 12; Hi-Y, 12; Technical Club, 12; "M" Club, 12.

HELMUS, AGNES *"Aggie"*

"A friendly heart with many friends."

Orchestra, 10; Music Club, 12; Vice President, 12; Girls' Student Club, 12; Art Club, 12.

HELMUS, DOROTHY *"Dot"*

"A narrow compass, and yet there Dwelt all that's good and all that's fair."

Girls' Student Club, 12; Class Treasurer, 12.

HERSCHLEB, MARIAN *"Hershey"*

"Everybody's friend; nobody's enemy."

Girls' Civic League, 12.

HESS, DOROTHY

"This maiden always heads the class,
In Vergil, history, or math."

Orchestra, 9, 10, 11, 12; Chorus, 9, 10, 11, 12; Basketball, 9, 10, 11, 12; *Eager Heart,* 9; Social Committee, 9; *Sherwood,* 10; "Ty" Board, 11; Honor Pin, 11; Athletic Emblem, 11; Welcome to Freshmen, 12; Class President, 12; Latin Club, 12; Music Club, 12; President, 12; Operetta, 12; Assistant Editor of Annual, 12; Valedictorian, 12.

HOFF, MARGARET

"She's quiet—at times."

Chorus, 9, 10, 11, 12; Glee Club, 10, 11, 12; Girls' Civic League, 12; Latin Club, 12; Technical Club, 12; Girls' Student Club, 10, 11, 12.

HUTCHINS, RANDALL *"Fat"*

"Yes, Mr. Randle was named after me."

Technical Club, 12.

JOHNSON, AMY

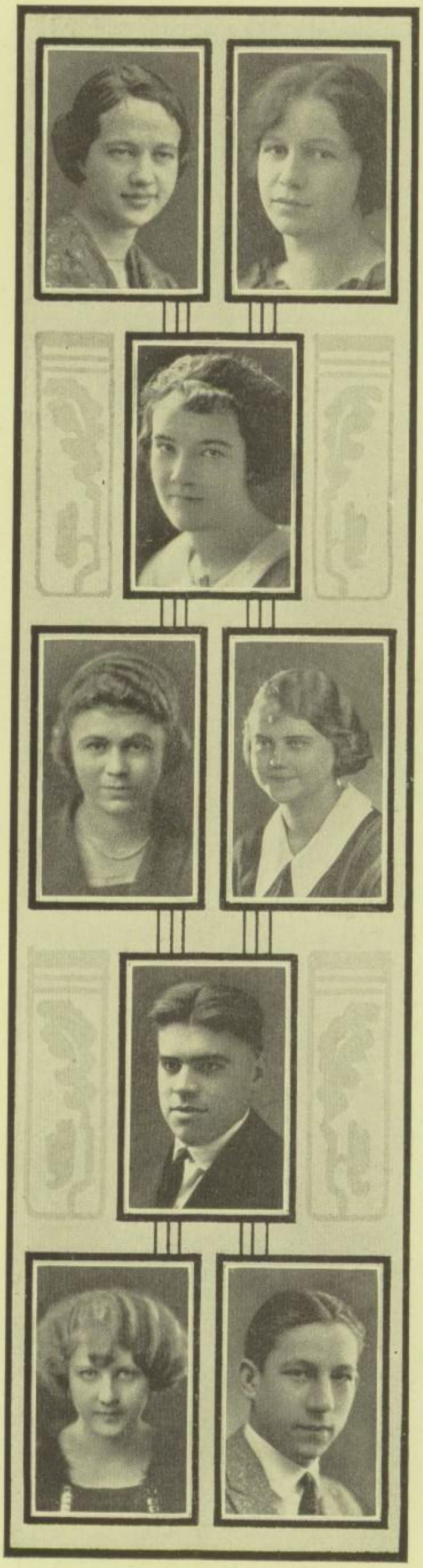
"She's a jolly good pal and witty;
But that's not all—she's also pretty."

Annual Board, 12.

KAHN, IRVING *"Irv"*

"For he's a jolly good fellow."

Hi-Y, 12.



Hershey

KAMM, RALPH *"Kamm"*

"With graceful step he strides the street
And smiles at every maiden sweet."

Chorus, 9, 10, 11, 12; *Sherwood,* 10; *As You Like It,* 10; Winner Class Reading Contest, 10; Hi-Y, 11, 12; President, 12; M. H. S. L. S., 11; Latin Club, 12; Class Vice President, 12; Annual Board, 12; Regular Football and Basketball, 12; Class Orator, 12; "M" Club, 12; Honor Pin, 12; Operetta, 12.

KINNEY, HELEN

"As quiet as a mouse is she."

Girls' Civic League, 12.

KLOETZLI, LOUISE *"Bobby"*

"To know her is to love her."

Girls' Debating Club, 11; Girls' Student Club, 12.

KNUSSMAN, MABEL *"Mab"*

"A maiden meek and mild."

KORFMACHER, EDWIN *"Ed"*

"A law unto himself."

Band, 10, 11, 12; Orchestra, 10, 11, 12; Hi-Y, 12; Music Club, 12; Latin Club, 12; Vice President, 12; Social Committee, 12; Annual Board, 12.

LARSON, LAWRENCE *"Larry"*

"His head is light, a very light head;
In fact, he is a blond."

LARSON, OLIVE ANN

"In Racine they—"

Technical Club, 12; Basketball, 12.

LEVENICK, MELVA

"Wearing all that weight of learning lightly like a feather."

Chorus, 9, 10, 11, 12; Basketball, 12; Art Club, 12; Operetta, 12; Glee Club, 12.

LUNDER, MYRTLE *"Myrt"*

"The speediest typist of them all."

Chorus, 9, 10, 11; Glee Club, 12; Operetta, 12; Basketball, 12; Typing Contest, 12.

MACKIN, JOHN *"Red"*

"It is a misfortune for a man of my disposition to have red hair."

Forum, 9, 10, 11; Latin Play, 10; Good English Play, 10; Technical Club, 12; Latin Club, 12, President, 12; Class President, 12; Assistant Business Manager Annual, 12; Advice to Juniors, 12; Honor Pin, 12; *Fanny and the Servant Problem*, 12.

MCCANCE, LULU *"Lu"*

"Is it possible that I have made a mistake?"

Girls' Debating Club, 11.

MCCURDY, PHILIP *"Phil"*

"No sinner or a saint, perhaps;
But—still the very best of chaps."

Orchestra, 10, 11; Forum, 11; Latin Club, 12; Annual Board, 12; Social Committee, 12; *Fanny and the Servant Problem*, 12; French Play, 11; Class Prophecy, 12.

MEYER, HELEN *"Smiley"*

"She is not conscious of her worth."

MITCHELL, ADELAIDE *"Addie"*

"And she was the mother confessor of them all."

Girls' Student Club, 12.

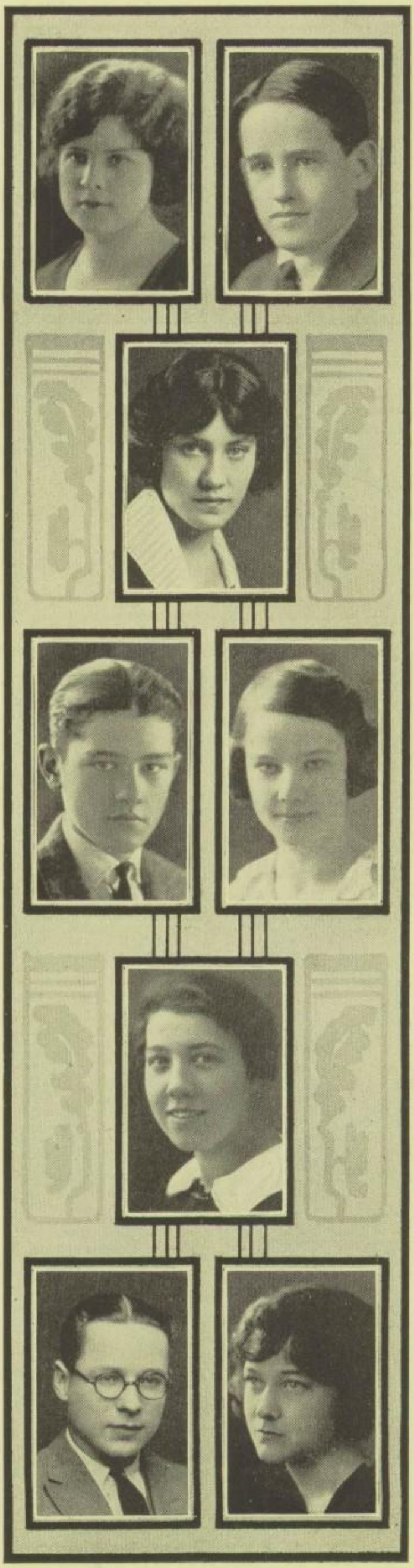
MILLER, FORREST *"Bruzer"*

"Genius is a capacity for evading hard work."

NESS, RUBY *"Happy"*

"Wit to persuade, and beauty to delight."

Basketball, 9, 10, 11, 12; Baseball, 9, 10; G. D. C., 9, 10; Latin Club, 12; Secretary, 12; Senior Farewell, 12.



NICHOLS, ALICE *"Dimes"*

"And if she won't, she won't; and there's an end on't."

Girls' Debating Club, 9, 10; Basketball, 9, 10, 12; Social Committee, 12.

ODEGARD, LOUIS *"Lou"*

"He has a good head for business."

Forum, 9, 10; Business Manager Annual, 12; Class Treasurer, 12; Hi-Y, 12.

OLSON, ALICE SYLVIA *"Al"*

"Happiness seems made to be shared."

OLSON, INGA *"Tessie"*

"I chatter, chatter as I go."

OTTOW, MILO *"Smiley"*

"Better late than never."

RIPP, CATHERINE *"Casey"*

"I say you can mix work with play."

ROONEY, HELEN

"A maid of quality."

Art Club, 12.

ROTHNICK, EDYTHE *"Heinie"*

"How doth the blushing maid employ each shining hour?"

Chorus, 9, 10, 11; Basketball, 12; Technical Club, 12.

RUXTON, GLADYS *"Rusty"*

"In all things, true and loyal."
Basketball, 9; Baseball, 9, 10; Girls' Debating Club, 9, 10, 11, 12; Social Committee, 12.

SACHTJEN, ROBERT *"Bob"*

"The greatest of men e'er loved repose."

SATHER, HELEN *"Penny"*

"Few people do all they are supposed to;
She does, and more, too."
Annual Board, 12.

SCHENK, HELEN *"Holly"*

"Silent but intelligent."
Girls' Civic League, 9, 10, 11, 12; Art Club, 12; Music Club, 10; Latin Club, 12.

SCHUNNING, ANNA *"Ann"*

"As full of mischief, wit, and glee"
As ever human form can be."
Girls' Debating Club, 9, 10; Baseball, 10; Latin Club, 12; Basketball, 12.

SEIFERT, GLENN *"Sy"*

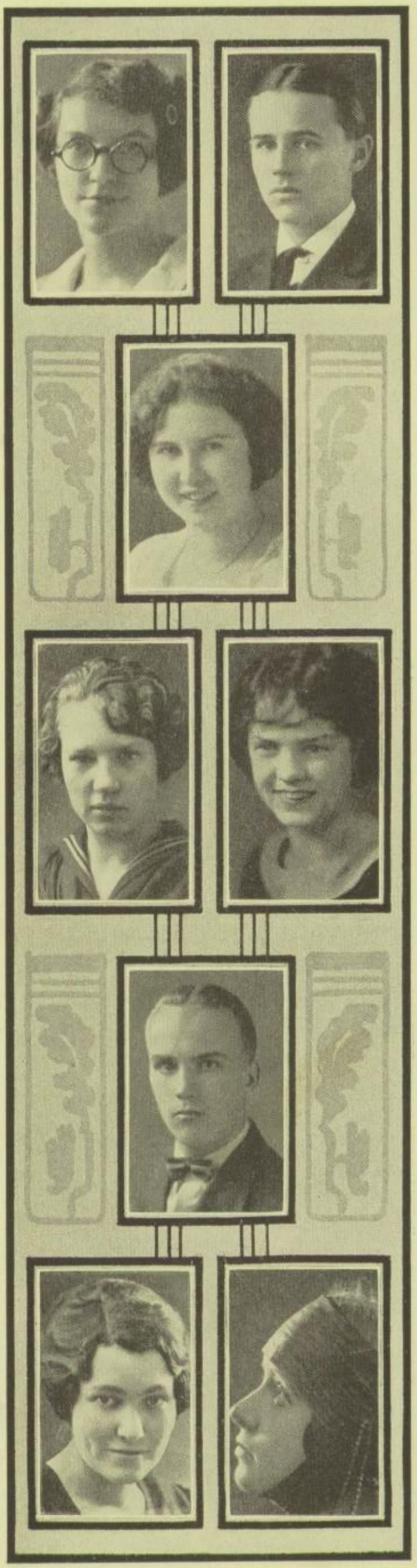
"I am perfectly willing to admit that you are wrong and I am right."
Forum, 9, 10, 11; Band, 10, 11, 12; Social Committee, 12; Music Club, 12; Censor, 12; *Fanny and the Servant Problem*, 12.

SHOWERS, DOROTHY *"Dot"*

"I am content, content as I can be."
Chorus, 9; Thanksgiving Play, 10.

SIDELL, VIOLET *"Sheik"*

"The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
Are spent among the laddies, O."
Chorus, 9, 10, 11, 12; French Play, 9; Thanksgiving Play, 10.



SMITH, WALLACE *"Wally"*

"Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith."

STARKS, GLADYS *"Busbus"*

"Everybody likes a merry girl."

SYLVESTER, INA *"Dimples"*

"A quiet lass who has a load of wisdom in her eye."

TAYLOR, MARY

"A maiden fair and entrancing, and possessed with a longing for dancing."

"M" Club Vodvil, 9; Midsummer Night's Dream, 9; *Sherwood,* 10; *Demeter and Persephone,* 11; Latin Play, 10; Latin Club, 12; Operetta, 12; Class Prophecy, 12.

THORDARSON, TRIG

"As languid as a lily pond."

TOLRUD, THEODORE *"Tol"*

"A manly man."

Entered 1923 from Billings, Mont.

TOUSSAINT, RAY *"Steve"*

"He dwelleth in the realm of the great—beyond a world of words."

TRACHTE, ESTHER *"Rusty"*

"She can do other things besides draw."

Glee Club, 9, 10, 11, 12; Chorus, 9, 10; *Why the Chimes Rang,* 11; Girl's Student Club, 11, 12; Cabinet, 12; Art Club President, 12; Art Editor, 12; Annual, 12; Operetta, 12; *Fanny and the Servant Problem,* 12.

UPHOFF, DUDLEY

"There's a live one!"

WILLIAMS, MARGARET

"Gentle in manner, firm in reality."

Girls' Civic League, 12.

WOODSTOCK, WILLARD *"Willie"*

"He stoops to nothing but a door."

Hi-Y, 12; Band, 12; Latin Club, 12; Treasurer, 12; Technical Club, 12, President, 12; *Fanny and the Servant Problem,* Electrician, 12.

May this book help us to recall

Those days that have sped by;

May we remain in every way,

True friends of the East Side High.

—HELEN WEISEMAN.

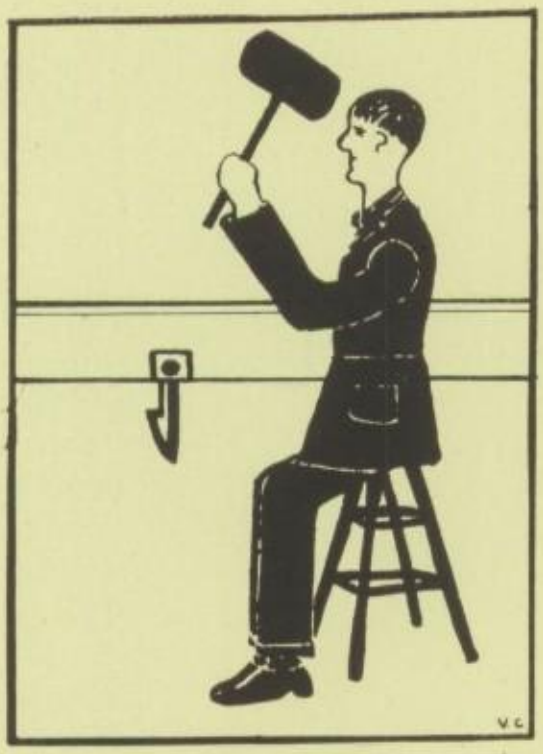
JUNIORS

President—Harry Nelson
Vice President—June Deadman
Secretary—Monona Nickles
Treasurer—Raymond Strauss

Albright, Erma
Anderson, Alma
Anderson, Arnold
Anderson, Charlotte
Anderson, Herbert
Anderson, Joseffa
Ashcraft, Elizabeth
Aylward, Frances
Backus, Myron
Bechtel, Florence
Billings, Bernice
Blankenheim, Ann
Bosben, Eugene
Breiby, Norman
Brown, Bernice
Brown, Kenneth
Bruns, Edward
Bruns, Gladys
Buenzli, Gregory
Burkhart, Kathryn
Clark, Mabel
Clemons, Corwin
Clifcorn, LaVerne
Cooper, Rollie
Corscot, Elizabeth
Cottom, Esther
Cramer, Hiram
Deadman, Byron
Deadman, June
Durfee, Oscar
Edwards, Genevieve
Eisele, George
Emery, Velma
Esser, Elizabeth
Evert, Eldon
Evert, George
Farrell, Marie
Fell, Violet
Gerfen, Helen
Gilbert, Clark
Gleason, Irma
Goddertz, Gregory
Good, Barbara
Graves, Lottie
Griffiths, Harry
Groth, Freda
Halverson, Clayton
Halverson, Clifford
Halverson, Ellen
Hanson, Alice
Hanson, Arline
Hanson, Ray
Harrington, Clarence
Harrison, Helen
Hermsmeier, Irwin
Herrick, Madge
Hinrichs, Llewelyn
Hobbins, Elenore
Hopkins, Margaret
Hoppmann, Reginald
Hornberg, Stanley
Hustad, Milton
Huston, Marion
Johnson, Irene
Kalish, Clara
Kinney, Harold
Kraus, Mildred
Kronenberg, Leo
Kurz, Dorothy
Larson, Alfred
Larson, Kathryn
Larson, Orvel
Lendborg, Gladys
Long, Herndon
Long, Vernard
McCaughey, Sadie
Magnant, Grant
Mason, James
Milbrook, Dorothy
Moehlmann, Roland
Monson, Carrie
Moran, Howard
Murdutt, George
Mueller, Earl
Naujoks, Esther
Neesvig, Burton
Nelson, Arthur
Nelson, Carol
Nelson, Harry
Nelson, Malena
Neumann, Alma

TOWER TALES

Nickles, Monona
Oakey, Margaret
Oakey, Philip
O'Connell, Howard
Olson,Clarice
Orvold, Arthur
Ottow, Laurie
Pahlmeyer, Erbe
Peckham, Lucy
Peterson, Alfred
Peterson, Margaret
Phillips, Marion
Pierce, Theodore
Pollock, Florence
Pope, Russell
Pulley, Frank
Pulley, Fred
Purcell, Alice
Rathbun, William
Reiner, Alvin
Riley, Hilda
Riley, Mildred
Roder, Norman
Rolfson, Thelma
Rose, Lillian
Sargent, Albert
Schantz, Burdean
Schimming, Edna
Schlaak, Robert
Schlotthauer, Patricia
Schmidt, Clara
Schmidt, Edna
Schulz, Mary
Schuman, Randall
Schuman, Raymond
Schutt, John
Seifert, Ethel
Smithback, John
Spraetz, Lawrence
Sprecher, John
Stang, Myrtle
Starks, Erminie
Steensrud, Irene
Stevens, Edwin
Stofen, Henry
Stolen, Theresa
Strauss, Raymond
Sundstrom, Vincent
Sweet, Harry
Swenson, Caryl
Thompson, Juanita
Todd, Verna
Trumpy, Gerda
Vaughan, Irma
Vogel, Vera
Watts, Alice
Watts, Mary
Willadsen, Arnold
Willis, Lorna
Wirka, Frederick
Wolff, Isabella



Leo Kronenberg

SOPHOMORES

Affholder, Florence
Amoth, Ted
Anzinger, Dorothy
Armstrong, Richard
Arvold, Kenwood
Aylward, Lawrence
Baxter, Earl
Beck, Alice
Beckman, Lucille
Bell, Helen
Blankenheim, Norman
Blum, Carl
Botham, Dorsey
Bowes, Verna
Brandt, Myron
Bredeson, Pearl
Burgette, Clifford
Burke, Catherine
Butler, Helen
Callahan, Kathryn
Carpenter, Cleo
Churchill, Irene
Churchill, Violet
Christopherson, Carol
Clark, Nancie
Conlin, Margaret
Culp, Harry
Davis, Louella
Davis, Ruth
DeBolt, Austin
Day, Arnold
Donlin, William
DuBois, Clifton
Doring, Francis
Eckstein, George
Eisele, Dorothy
Eldred, Marion
Ellestad, Avner
English, Isabell
Erickson, Doris
Esser, Marion
Fahey, Julia
Fell, Louise
Fess, Charles
Field, Charlotte
Foseid, Oscar
Foye, Winifred
Frothingham, Carolyn
Gafke, Lester
Gannon, Deane
Gebhardt, Elsie
Gfroerer, Kenneth
Gildin, Dotha
Greenslet, Milton
Gross, Tarsilla
Hackett, Agnes
Hackett, Alice
Halverson, Julian
Hamacher, John
Hamm, Dorothy
Hanson, Hazel
Harb, George
Harbort, Margaret
Harbort, Robert
Hart, Willis
Hankedahl, Orel
Hedquist, Vincent
Heiss, Ralph
Helgeson, John
Henderson, Walter
Hilsenhoff, Dorothea
Hinrichs, Mildred
Hlasek, Jim
Hockett, Willard
Hoffman, Catherine
Hoiby, Stanley
Holman, Henry
Hovey, William
Hovland, Marvin
Hurlburt, Mabel
Jahnke, Harold
Johnson, Alice
Johnson, Anna
Johnson, Ernest
Johnson, Ida
Johnson, Louise
Jull, George
Kanouse, Lenore
Kimberley, Mina
Kindschi, Dorothy
Kingston, Stewart
Kinney, Raymond
Klein, Bernice
Knussman, Ethel

TOWER TALES

Kocher, Donald
Kopp, Marcella
Korfmacher, John
Moran, George
Kovacs, Nicholas
Kracht, Franklin
Kretlow, Stanley
Kurth, Joseph
Kurz, Frederick
Lalor, Irene
Lalor, Philip
Lalor, Rachel
Larson, Sophia
Lease, Ray
LeFebure, Frederick
Levenick, Maynard
Lincoln, Lloyd
Linscott, Ethel
Livesey, George
Loftus, Eleanore
Loken, Muriel
Longfield, Dorothy
McCarthy, Genevieve
McCormick, Bert
McCurdy, Keyes
McKenna, John
Mandt, Paul
Manz, Helen
Martinson, Ida
Meier, Wilma
Mergen, Philip
Meyers, Margaret
Milbrook, Ruth
Miller, Ludwina
Moran, Holden
Mueller, Carl
Nelson, Ludwina
Nelson, Mable
Noren, Margaret
Norsetter, Irene
O'Connell, Genevieve
Odegard, Hartvick
Olsen, Arthur
Olson, Lawrence
Olsen, Catherine
Orvold, Abner
Palmer, Frederick
Peterson, Jean
Peterson, Russell
Phillips, Rachel
Potter, Alice Marie
Poull, George
Price, Glynn
Quale, Ralph
Quinn, Dorothy
Ramsdell, Leland
Reque, Beatrice
Rieger, Helen
Riley, Wesley
Rinder, Dorothy
Rinder, Katharine
Rosen, Drew
Rueth, Theresa
Sargent, Clara
Schantz, Arthur
Schlaak, Melvin
Schlicht, Karl
Schmelzkopf, Audrey
Schmitt, Louis
Schnurbusch, George
Schnurbusch, Louise
Scholl, Mildred
Schunning, Edith
Signer, Agnes
Skolaski, Josephine
Slinger, Alice
Smith, Donald
Smith, Warren
Sorenson, Arthur
Sorenson, Mildred
Stansel, Esther
Stansel, Raymond
Statz, Henrietta
Steensrud, Alice
Stephan, Edwin
Stock, Helen
Strenger, Robert
Struckmeyer, Laura
Tandvig, Margaret
Thompson, Louise
Thormodseth, Gladys
Thormodseth, Oscar
Togstad, Lynn
Toussaint, Monette
Tucker, Gladys
Wallis, Henry
Widen, Hjalmar
Widmann, Madeline
Wiedenbeck, Herman
Wiessman, Helen
Wilber, Havens
Williams, Harold
Williams, Joyce
Wirth, Russel
Witte, Lester
Wrend, Sebastian

FRESHMAN POEM

First come the Andersons, Bernice, Leo,
and Lyle;
Then Dorothy Amoth, a tiny lass of much
style.

Everett Barry, Arthur Bartholomew, and
Helen Bell—
For all future years, we wish them well.

Harold Almuson, Harry Blodan, and Thrond
Bosben,
All think they are quite old and grown up
men.

Mattie Baird, Theodore Berkstrom, and
Burns—
There isn't a thing that these girls can't
learn.

Marjorie Brinkhoff, Harriet and Gladys
Barth,
Have beauty that would grace any man's
hearth.

Julia Card, Grace Clapp, and Lucille
Carnes—
About boys none of them gives two "darns."

Walter Carlson, Elmer Lease, and William
Nichols—
I know they all have a craving for dill
pickles.

Irene Christianson, Harold Lenerz, and
John Mack—
They are all smart kids—now that's a fact.

Bert Pully and Wesley Le Febre,
Both make good scouts, we're here to say.

Alberta Nelson, and the Larsons, Violet and
Ruth,
Are very shy girls—now that's the truth.

Adeline Lofthus, Marian Mick, Elsie Neu-
man, and Louise New—
There's nothing these four girls can't do.

TOWER TALES

Robert Law, Walter Miller, and Lloyd Mapes,
All dote on girls with flashy capes.
Russell Milligan, Robert Lobre, and Harry Milstead
Look as plump as babies which on Mellin's Food are fed.
Frank Meyers, Randolph Rostem, and Albert McKee
Are the finest types of boys and sweet as can be.
Edwin Rossmaesler and Harold Oltz are such brilliant students,
I am sure to exacting teachers they never say, "I couldn't."
Wriggling Johnny Rasbeck, how you frighten me—
Always squirming, showing off, as though in company!
Little Jack-in-the-box, how you love to talk,
James Rolfson at eloquence does not balk.
What a little gnome are you, Irving Quale;
If a wind once picked on you, you would get a fall.
Oh, how dazzling lights do call to you;
Robert Raisbeck wants limelight, and notoriety too.
The Clemons, Loretta and Celia, and James Clark,
All will by-and-by cut a very big mark.
Gordon Ohnhus, where is that library book?
A forgetful and naughty chap, you do not look.
Gladys Knutson, Esther Hustad, Margaret Pflaum are bashbul ones,
But they're jolly good girls who love their clever puns.
Ruth Eckert and Eleanor Kuul, who are not very tall,
Ruth Ring and Elnora Olson, are dearly loved by all.
Shy and reserved are these two little girls,
Ruth Hedquist and Margaret Hovde, true as pearls.
A cocky young chap is this boy I like,
Eugene Eldred, a naughty and mischievous tike.
Edward Penewell is a fine, tall fellow,
With blue eyes, and hair which is almost yellow.
Lawrence Prescott, what a lazy knave you are!
Surely teachers' good natures you love to mar.
Margaret Packer is a wondrous miss,
Efficient, a leader; her work is a bliss.
Dorothy Farrell, Catherine Hazeltine, Lillian Rogers, too,
Are quiet but lovable girls who mind their p's and q's.
What splendid workers have we in East Side High!
Alta Olson and Spencer Oswald win praises to the sky.
A dreamy, boy-crazy pair are the two maids,
Dorothy Johnson and Doris Jones; all else before them fades.
Mary Clark, Luella Olson, and Marie Rogers do love to work,
Ethel Peirce and Margaret Olson their duty would not shirk.
Herman Gruendler and Carl Lunde dislike to appear in verse,
But they think that undue publicity isn't so far worse.
Estelle Sinaiko and Dottie Riley are mischievous and gay;
Alice Raanes and Marguerite Reining for them pave the way.
John and Leslie Olson are surely dandy boys;
They like their sport, they know their fun, and they make lots of noise.
Roger Ostrem and Richard Rubado—we're told that they are green,
Donald Helmus and Helmer Raanes are crazy to be seen.
Vernon Davies and Day
Never have so much to say.
Alfred Edland to school does go;
Lawrence Ersland, too, whether it does rain or snow.
Lemont Erickson and Frederick Evert
Are two fat boys you can't avert.
Rodney Fess is a hunter true,
But really gets his studies too.
Morgel Dugan is a nice little miss
Who seems to be living in perfect bliss.
William Griffiths, as you all know,
Is a little chap; but he will grow.
Oscar Olson, who is called "Cotton Top",
Very, very seldom takes a flop.
La Verne Feltham and Arthur Gerfen
Are two very little, peppy freshmen.
Charlotte Levner and Teonia Elver,
Evelyn Gallagher and Iola Gilchrist
Are very pretty little girls,
And sometimes have such pretty curls.
Romana Dietrich, who has a curl,
Is truly a very dependable girl.
Katherine Engler, who is very clever,
Works on the blackboard forever and ever.
Grace Guilbert is full of "pep" and fun;
She does not care when her work gets done.
Margaret Smith and Margaret Stock
Are always closely watching the clock.
Lucille Hankey, Violet Jensen, and Ray Harb,
Althea Haight, Ruth Hoyt, and La Verne Karb,
You are all very good students;
None of you thinks of being impudent.
Harvey Hallman and Everett Henry are full of fun;
But they will pass, too, in the long run.
George Hanson and Carl Helmus are newsboys gay;
They are very courteous in every way.
Warren Houghton, Harry Hungerford, Le Roy Kehn,
Are worthy of note, despite their long names.
John Harris and Helen Treadwell are always late;
The teachers for them always have to wait.

TOWER TALES

Everett and Marvin are regular "smarties",
Over-exploited at school and at parties.
Dorothy Hanson and Edna Hintz are live wires;
They are good students, of whom no one tires.
Edith Widen, Gertrude Verberkemoes, Amelia Strand,
And Lydia Herritz are fine girls of this land.
Richard Heimerl and Howard Kinney are good boys;
They are both good-looking and never cause noise.
Mabel Hoppman, and Geneva and Mabel Johnson belong to the class
Of ambitious students who always will pass.
Belva Meracle and Ruth Hedquist,
When gone away, surely are missed.
Lionel Hobbins and John Mack—
In brains neither of them does lack.
Leone Vanderhof and Anna Jorgenson are fine maidens,—
Elizabeth Weidholz, too—all with good points are laden.
Gladys Kalbfleisch and Theodora Thurne are quiet at school,
But do they always follow that rule?
Olive Gunhus and Eleanor Frederick,
Are never up to any bad tricks.
Irene Herschleb, who has pretty eyes,
Gets good marks because she tries.
Arvella and Bernice Schantz are sisters true,
Both quiet, though good little workers, too.
Adeline Schenke and Ethel Sachtjen,
Erma Schlichting and Helen Schneider,
Though now they may appear somewhat green,
May someday be our proud class queen.
Frederick Sargent and Ingvold Saoboe
Dearly love to play in the snow.
Alice Schultz, so meek and so mild,
Is a little, non-talkative child.

Florence Schultz and Carrie Seeley,
Bessie Seals and Charlotte Sefland,
Who are very full of "pep",
Are always watching out for their "rep."
Laurentine Steensland and Pierre Sidell,
Carry on conversations of which they'll not tell.
Robert Schlicht and Lauraine Shell are students dear;
They get good marks throughout the year.
Lucille Spraetz has a very good humor,
But also has good marks, says Dame Rumor.
Violet Starks and Ellen Steinhauer,
Are always studying every hour.
Philip Zurian and Susan Kovacs aren't keen about work,
For sometimes they like very much to shirk.
Sometimes Dorothy Kracht is quiet and sometimes not,
Sometimes Marshall Tandvig whispers an awful lot.
David Meyer and Walter Wilson are proud of the fact,
That they are so courteous and very exact.
Leona Van Keulen, Betty Wernig, and Ann Voss,
If we should lose you, 'twould be a great loss.
Robert Wilby is mischievous but apologetic;
He does his duty well and is energetic.
Martha Thompson is a calm little girl,
Who has such a hard time to make her hair curl.
Richard Thompson is interested in art,
With his artist's utensils he would hate to part.
Leona Updike is a demure little maid;
Upon her kind deeds, her future is laid.
In alphabetical order Walter Wellman is last;
We'll remember his riots as part of his past.

Miss Hargrave, Princess of the Tower.

TOWER TALES

FRESHMEN WHO ENTERED IN FEBRUARY

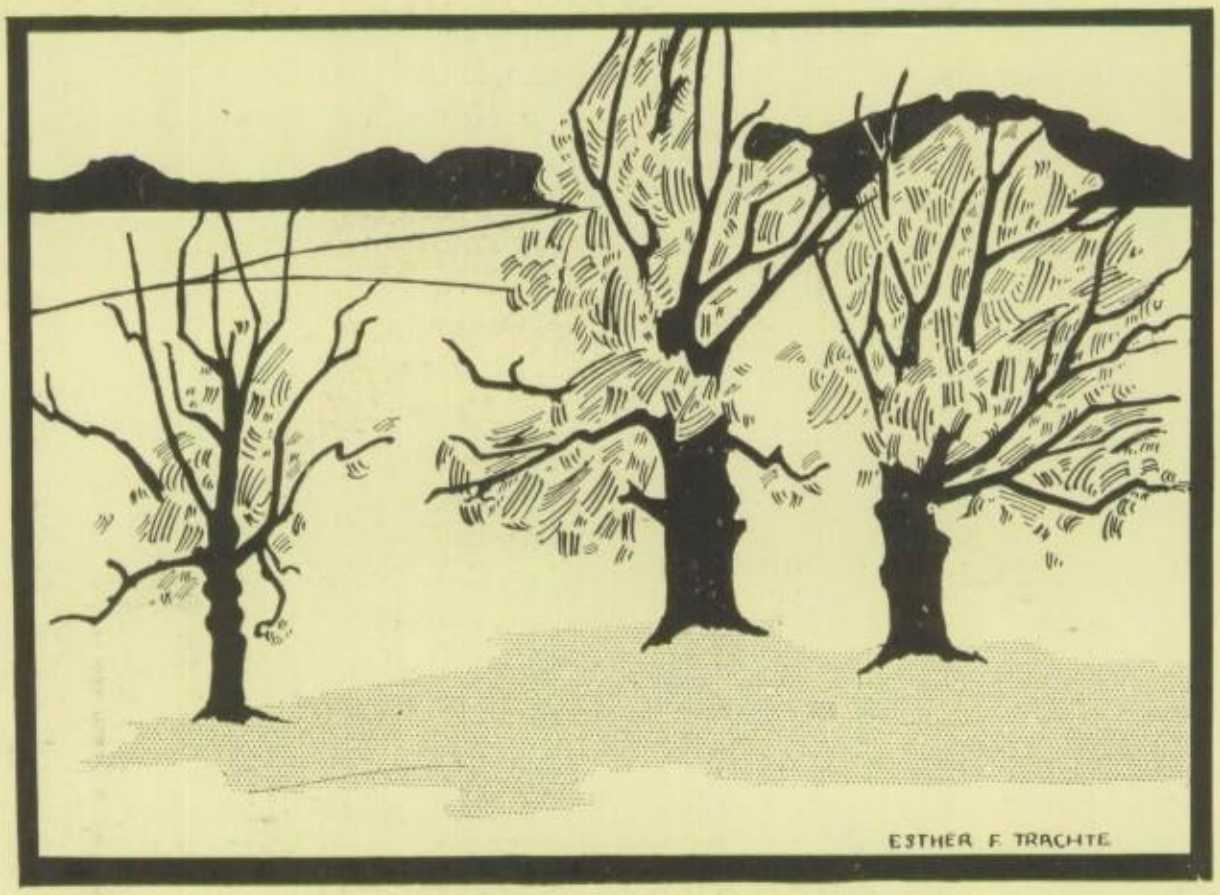
Allen, Erma
Anderson, Geraldine
Bennett, Lillian
Bull, Emerson
Busby, Hazel
Cnare, Robert
Dickens, Willis
Earl, Lawrence
Garner, Evelyn
Glasser, Alfred
Helmus, Donald
Johnson, Edna
Kamm, Elizabeth
Keland, Arnold
Knabe, Anita
Kroncke, George
Kroncke, Harriet
Long, Eileen
Morgan, Hazel
Nelson, Norman
Nickles, Robert
Oakey, Frederick
Rogg, Ernest
Rogers, Eva
Ruud, Oscar
Ryan, Stanley
Sather, Frederick
Schulz, Edith
Simplot, Ray
Sparkvedt, Kadeline
Sperley, Constance
Wagner, Dorothea
Willadsen, Christ
Williams, Harry
Wynn, Oliver

A SENIOR TO THE FRESHMEN

Hello, wee ones! How are you?
Glad to see you in our crew.
Sorry we must leave you now,
But first we ask of you a vow:
Will you strive with earnest will,
Your cards with E's and G's to fill,
Eat no candy, chew no gum,
Nor cut up when teachers leave the room,
Nor stay from school if you aren't sick,—
To miss a test in arithmetic,—
Mind your teachers every day,
Be there when you're asked to stay,
And try by just co-operation,
To make your school the best in the nation?
If you do, you're just like us;
We ne'er made a bit of fuss.
So, goodbye, folks. Here's our hand;
Your school's the best in all the land!

—Forrest Miller.

TOWER TALES



OUR GUARDIAN OAKS*

Three Oaks! In majesty they stand!
Protecting arms outstretched, they guard
Us. They represent our hard
Work and strife. With upraised hand
They point above, directing us to God.
Symbolic they of our life here;
Our search for truth, our sturdy cheer.
Though days be dark, their branches nod
Encouragement. Help us to grow
In beauty, strength! Help us to know
That justice, honesty must rule!
That trials only help to school
Us for the better things to be!
Help us! Our deeds will honor thee!

*Directly back of East Side High stand three beautiful oak trees, sole survivors of the forest which once covered this region.

THE BOOKSHELF

TOWER TALES

A STRANGE INTRODUCTION

ALL afternoon they had been reading "Uncle Tom's Cabin", Bob doing the reading while Joe lay stretched full length beneath the tree.

"Gee", said the latter after they had finished their chapter, "wasn't that 'underground railroad' a great thing? If I'd been a slave—"

"Say, let's do it! You be a slave, and I'll chase you. We can get Rover for the pack of dogs."

"Nothing doing. You know how I hate dogs and you know Rover—"

"Oh, he won't hurt you. You're worse than your sister!"

Stung into action by this taunt from his beloved idol, poor, fat, amiable Jo wavered, yielded; "Well, if you promise to tie a rope to him, I'll do it."

"Fine. Now let's get you ready. You'll have to be black, of course. Have you got any shoe-polish?"

"Yes, but—" Jo had an uneasy feeling that he was going to get the worst of it as he had often done before.

"But what? You aren't going to back out again, are you? Wait here till I come back."

Jo waited and when his companion returned, meekly submitted to being blackened and polished, all the while keeping a suspicious eye on the dog, which Bob had tied to a tree.

"You'll have to take off your shoes and stockings, too. Slaves never wore shoes," said Bob after regarding his handiwork with a critical eye; "and get a 'hunted look' into your face."

Jo glanced at the dog and obeyed.

"Now we're ready. You start across that field and I'll follow with the dog. Go on; I'll give you a head start."

Jo set off as fast as his fat legs could carry him and disappeared in a small grove. Bob waited until he was out of sight and then untied Rover.

"Now, hounds, after the panting fugitive! That nigger cost me five hundred dollars, and if he gets across the Ohio, it's good-by to him. Sic'em boy!"

Rover started off on a run, Bob hanging on to his rope. They entered the thicket, but could find no trace of Jo.

"Go, Rover, find Jo!" urged Bob, and the dog seemed to understand. He ran here and there with his nose to the ground, and suddenly started off, dragging Bob behind him. Just ahead there was a tree, and the pair headed to the right of it; but suddenly Rover changed his mind and swerved to the left. Bob, not noticing the change, kept on to the right when—alas—there was a violent jerk, a hard thud, and Rover sped off alone.

Meanwhile Jo had doubled back on his tracks, seeking to confuse his pursuers and outwit instead of outrun them. By this time he had come to another meadow and was crossing it, when he yelled and abruptly stopped. He had stepped into a patch of thistles. He plumped himself down—and sat on another thistle. Muttering angrily he bounded up again and, standing on one foot, extracted the stinging needles from both parts of his anatomy. As he gingerly

picked his way across the field, he hoped that the dog, also, would encounter this particular spot. Hardly had the thought crossed his mind, when he looked up and saw Rover advancing at full speed with the rope dragging behind him. Now was Rover's time to get even with him! thought Jo. He forgot about thistles and everything else, and frantically looked for a tree. He spied a small sapling and made for it, never stopping to consider if it would bear his weight. With a wild scramble and despairing puff, he swung himself into it, just as Rover dashed up. There was an ominous cracking but the branch held.

The minutes passed; an hour had gone. It was after supper time, and Rover was still waiting below. Jo could not forget that he was big and that the branch was small. Another half hour passed, and he wrathfully wondered where Bob was. It was getting cold, and Jo shivered and wished miserably that he were at home. He had almost decided to descend when he looked at the dog; Rover's mouth was open in a fiendish, expectant grin. Jo shivered, and decided to stay where he was. Finally, however, human endurance could bear it no longer; he decided if he could jump far enough, he could reach a club he saw not so far away and defend himself; if he jumped onto the dog, no club would be needed. He took a mighty leap, but did not take into consideration Newton's third law of motion, "To every action there is a reaction, equal to it and opposite in direction." The branch was unable to support the force of his leap and broke, so that Jo landed neither near the club or the dog. The fall dazed him; when his senses returned he felt a soft tongue licking off the blacking from his face. This dazed him more than the fall, and he opened his eyes to make sure. There stood Rover, wagging his tail and looking mighty glad to see Jo sit up. Still motionless, Jo sought for the explanation of this phenomenon but could find none. Finally he concluded that boys and dogs were friends by nature, and that he had blindly mistaken Rover's efforts at friendship for bloodthirsty intentions. He ventured to stroke the dog, and, when nothing happened except a more violent wagging of the tail, said "Well, old boy, never again will Bob make a fool out of me. We've had a mighty queer introduction, but from now on you and I are pals."

DOROTHY HESS, '23.

IF—(With Apologies to Kipling)

If you have feet as swift as Mercury,
To do some other's bidding daily;
If you can bear as much as Atlas,
Yet sing like Pan did, blithely, gaily;
If you have mighty strength like Hercules,
And put your strength to some good task;
If you're not double-faced like Janus,
You're everything for which a man could ask.

—G. T., '24.

TO THE GIRLS OF THE SENIOR CLASS

By A Senior Boy

Here's to the girls of the High School;
A toast I am glad to propose
To the better half of our classmates,
The brightest, as everyone knows.

There isn't a doubt of your wisdom,
You've learned everything in the books;
And what is more important to men folks,
You're a class of graduate cooks.

For the future we wish you good fortune,
And everything good fortune sends;
We assure you that always you'll find us,
Your sincere and most loyal friends.

Then here's to the girls of the High School,
The school that none may surpass;
For the sake of our school days together,
I give you the girls of our Class!

TO THE BOYS OF THE SENIOR CLASS

By A Senior Girl

Here's to the boys of the High School,
Our brothers, our comrades, our chums;
Whenever I think of their virtues,
My head with their praises just hums!

You've faithfully sampled our cooking;
You've purchased our candy and cake;
And brought your loose change to the boxes
We've had for sweet charity's sake.

At many a party you've saved us,
My sisters, from being wall flowers,
Although you preferred, we are certain,
The quiet of home-study hours.

Then here's to the boys of the High School,
Good fortune, as years swiftly pass;
And may the world have cause to honor
The men, once the Boys of our Class!

TOWER TALES

SEVEN DOLLARS OUT

ONE afternoon, owing to a vacation from school, Mabel and I attended the Strand Theatre. When we entered the darkness of the theatre, it was hard to distinguish between a person and a seat. After a little commotion, we finally sank into our seats with a sigh of relief. On my left I noticed a young gentleman. Of course I didn't any more than glance at him. All I could see in the dark was that he had a turned-up nose and enough hair to cover about a third of his head. After getting interested in the movies, I did not pay any more attention to the man. Pretty soon he started to skirmish around, looking under his seat, and all about him. I couldn't imagine what was ailing the man. I thought probably he had worn a wig or something and it had slipped off on to the floor. Then a gruff voice said, "Pardon me, but have you seen my hat?" I replied that I hadn't seen any signs of a hat around his or my seat. After a few minutes more of fruitless search he began again, "Would you mind getting up a minute?" Without a word, but with scathing thoughts, I got up. The gentleman said, "Thank you very much. Here is my hat." I had been sitting on his hat all the time!

—Myrtle Lunder, '23.

TO THE GIRLS OF THE FRESHMAN CLASS

By A Freshman Boy

Blessings on thee, little dame
Bareback girl with knees the same;
With thy rolled down silken hose
And thy short transparent clothes.
With thy red lips reddened more,
Smeared with lipstick from the store;
With the makeup on thy face,
And thy bobbed hair's jaunty grace.
From my heart I give thee joy,
Glad that I was born a boy!

TO THE BOYS OF THE FRESHMAN CLASS

By A Freshman Girl

Blessings on thee, little fellow,
With your tie all green and yellow,
And those Valentino pants,
That nearly make me have a trance.
Of course the sash with all its hues
Goes with a fellow who likes to snooze.
With thy side-burns' jaunty grace
Nearly as good as the girl's rouged face.
Your eyes with lashes curléd fine
Are more to me than any gold mine.
Worst of all your Jazz and whirl;
Glad that I was born a girl!

TOWER TALES

OUR PRINCIPAL'S DREAM

Our Mr. Randle dreamed one night
That it was the last of time,
And nearly all the faculty
Had soared to a fairer clime.
He thought he saw a far-off land
Where the light would never fade.
When he beheld the pearly gates,
These are the remarks he made:
"When the sound of holy voices
Make the walls of jasper ring,
Will it not be much more grander
With Miss Menaul there to sing?
When the strains of lovely music
Fill the world of endless day,
Will it not be more entrancing
When our band begins to play?
Though that land is filled with beauty
Such as mortal never saw,
Will it not be much more charming
With Miss McGilv'ry there to draw?
There Miss Hansen is not resting,
For her work is never done.
She can put them through gymnastics;
Angels love to climb and run.
They can climb up Jacob's ladder;
They can slide down thrones of grace,
Or with downy wings of glory
Aviate through boundless space.
What a morbid sense of humor
Mr. Otterson does display
Talking history to the angels
In the realm of endless day!
I can see Miss Ellman standing
Far off on the shining shore,
And there is Miss Hargrave coming
And I know—" his dream was o'er.
I thought, when my dear friend had spoken
Of his wonderful dream to me,
I would like to go to Heaven
And all of its glories see.
Oh, carry me to that bright land,
The world which is never dark,
Where not a drop of ink is red
And never a "con's" a mark,
Where not even a zero is seen
In the blessed home on high,
And no one ever flunks, they say,
In the world beyond the sky.
When I reach the golden gateway
And look in with joy-lit eyes,
I'll see no "make-up" work there
In the temple of the skies.

B. Brown, '24

TOWER TALES

THROUGH THE WINDOW

ON a bright, cold morning in January, I stood at the window gazing in admiration at the miracle which had been wrought upon the pane during the night. Here was a medieval castle surrounded by a dense forest beyond which was a grassy meadow crossed by many a sparkling stream. An irrisistible desire came over me to explore the old castle and to walk along the bank of the brook, when, all at once, to my great surprise and joy, I found myself in the midst of that frosty land which I had just been admiring.

While gazing about in bewilderment, I was startled by a light laugh, which reminded me of the chime of sleigh bells on a winter day. I turned and found myself facing a little sprite who very much resembled an icicle. "How do you do?" he said, extending a chilly hand. "The Snow Queen heard that you were visiting the Land of Frost and sent me to be your guide. Where shall we go first?"

"O, anywhere," I said in delight at the thought of journeying through this sparkling country.

The sprite took my hand and we started on our journey. We walked through the icy meadow and followed a frozen brook until we came to a glittering forest. Here we were surrounded on all sides by trees which seemed to be composed entirely of ice and whose leaves glistened in the sunshine like thousands of diamonds. Frosty birds flitted here and there among the branches and one, perching near us, broke into a song which sounded like the tinkle of ice in a water pitcher.

All day we wandered through this enchanting land of frost. Once we passed the glittering ice castle. "O, let's go in!" I cried; but my guide replied that it was the Crystal Palace of the Snow Queen and that no one but the Queen and her attendants were ever allowed to enter it. Near the Crystal Palace of the Snow Queen stood many tiny houses, which the sprite informed me were the homes of the subjects of the Snow Queen. Stopping before one of these houses he called loudly, "Snowflake." Immediately the door opened and out bounded a slender maiden whose name was very appropriate, for she resembled a fluffy white snowflake. My guide, whose name I had discovered was "Icycle," gave her a few directions and she disappeared into the house. When she returned, she bore a tray which contained our lunch. This consisted of frozen lamb, snow sandwiches, and ice cream.

We had just set out on our walk again when an icy creature in a snowy robe glided by us in the direction of the Crystal Palace. "That," said Icycle, "is Jack Frost going to report to the Snow Queen before he starts out for his night's work. He spends much of his time in the land where live the human beings. He tries to give to the poor mortals some idea of the unusual beauty of our delightful country, but many fail to appreciate his efforts. When they see Jack Frost's work on their windows, they only shudder and put more coal on their fires."

Walking on a little farther, we came upon a band of queer-looking little creatures of all shapes and sizes. These, Icycle explained, were Snowflake's

little brothers and sisters. They were engaged in some sort of a game and were joyfully frolicking here and there. But suddenly in the midst of their game a very rugged, frosty old man with icicles hanging from his long beard, appeared and drove them helter-skelter. Icycle informed me that he was "North Wind" and that every time the little Snowflakes would come out to play, he would come out from his icy cave and try to drive them away.

By this time we had grown quite tired and as we sat down to rest on a snow drift, Icycle explained to me that I must now return to my own land, for the Snow Queen was coming out for a walk and no human being could live in her chilly presence.

As Icycle uttered these words I found myself again before the window, but it was evening and the frost picture had entirely disappeared. Every time Jack Frost returns, however, I am again reminded of my delightful journey to the Land of Jack Frost.

INA SYLVESTER, '23

I

List to me, O fellow student!
Hark to me, who's learned his lesson;
Hear my words if you'd be prudent,
They may prove a welcome blessin'!

II

Why not try co-operation,
In the study hall and class,
Rather than great aggravation
Impudence and thoughtless sass?

III

Think you of but trying capers?
Realize your given chance!
Gauge your writing on your papers,
Think the labor they enhance!

IV

Words and letters in a tangle,
Punctuation marks confused,
Hard to read at any angle;
Naught but junk; should be refused.

V

Think not that you are mistreated ,
That injustice you receive;
No one but yourself is cheated,
When your teachers you deceive.

FORREST MILLER, '23

TOWER TALES

YESTERDAY AND TODAY

IT seems to me only yesterday that the very land on which this high school is built was our playground. We used to have shacks, trenches, forts, and ambushes on the hill. The "hill", which has been removed, was very high and was covered with immense boulders. We used these stones to advantage in fortifying our camps. I can remember well our second home with its sign on the door "Do drop in". In our battles this shack served as headquarters. On the farther side of the grounds, probably where the manual arts building now stands, we had a long, deep trench. It was a very modern trench and was equipped with sandbags, lookouts, and ladders. On the left side there was a large opening but on all other sides was a dense wood. Many times we would "blaze the trail" from our lines to the enemy's camp, which was down where Johnson Street now is. Many interesting things happened among us soldiers while at camp.

One time a boy serving as captain (Bill Hart) and I decided to build a shack of our own and have it as a private officers' camp. We worked possibly two weeks on the camp before it was finished. As winter was approaching we decided to have a warm room so we put straw on all four sides of the wall, nailing laths across it to keep the straw in place. As I remember, this shack was near the entrance of what is now East Side High School. We spent many happy hours in our camp, until one day when we were building a fire in it, a stray flame found its way to the straw; in no time our shack had gone up in flames.

The most interesting incident I can remember is our famous battle for control of the hill. Bill Hart was official leader of our army, and Wilfred Nebel was leader of the other army. The battle started at two o'clock after some of the soldiers had been lined up waiting for about an hour. There was only one gun in our whole army, and that belonged to Wilfred. When the battle had raged for about two days, the other side retreated down to Johnson Street, then over into someone's back yard. The enemy made a firm stand there. In fact the stand was too firm, because the owner of the yard called a policeman. As all good, loyal soldiers always do, we stayed at our post even when the big policeman was nearing us. When he arrived in the midst of both armies, he noticed the number of wooden weapons and the one gun, which was an air rifle. This he took away from Bill and hit it across his knee, as one often does to break small pieces of wood. That once straight barrel was now half moon in shape. When this heartless act was committed, the officer, (it may be of interest to know that the policeman was big York), told us to depart or he would arrest us. The bravest of the brave then lost no time in leaving.

That was Yesterday. Today all is different. It was only last Sunday that Bill and I walked down through what was once the woods but what is now only a few trees. We were both thinking of the same thing. I know, because not a word was said until we came to a small maple tree with a large heart carved on its back. In the outline of the heart were the initials E. E. and W. N.

We knew at once when this was put there, by whom, and why. On some of the very trees that this annual might have been named after are still our initials and signals. The school building, undoubtedly, has added to the beauty of the East Side, but it has destroyed a famous old play-ground.

—Glenn Seifert, '23.

THE WORLD WILL BE TOPSY-TURVY WHEN:

Clement insists, "I'll squeeza girl some day!"
Alice And her son:
Mildred And her son: form one business firm.
Viola And her son:
Harold's Arm's not strong enough to carry off a sweet-heart.
Esther hasn't Bald when she failed.
Morris decides to be a Barber no longer.
Irene ceases to Bloom (Blum).
Grace sinks to the Bottom of her class.
Grover won't bear the Brun(t)s of his burdens.
Wilbur can afford "Carnes and gallow-glasses" to defend him.
Some one builds a cathedral upon our Church hill.
Randall builds a rabbit Hutch in's back yard.
Irving Ka(h)n not charm the ladies.
Ralph is no longer Kamm and dignified.
Helen Kin nay say no to anyone.
Aileen Cripp(le)s her fiance with a flat-iron.
Edith's Dave is seen on the horizon.
Grant donates a Field for athletics to East Side High.
Nancy produces Fou(n)ts of knowledge.
Frances Gores her enemies.
Lester digs Graves for a living.
Alice's ship reaches Harbor(t).
Helen's Heart, tongue, are being X-rayed.
Loutalles calls "Hi!" den disappears.
Margaret goes off in a Huff.
Agnes and Dorothy exclaim, "Hel mus we leave school?"
Olive elopes with Lawrence, Lar's son.
Melva asks "What is Leven?" "Ich weiss nicht."
Alice meets her beau in Lundy's back lane.
It is necessary to Phil McCurdy with suitable words for a letter to Mary.
John isn't Makin' a bright remark.
Helen stops saying "My" 'er something like that.
Ruby consents to Nes(tle) in somebody's arms.
Alice is unable to count Nickles.
Louis becomes a sentinel and we cry in admiration, "O de gard(e)!"
Milo decides he Otto study.
Reginald says his graft with Miss Ferguson will Peter (out) so(o)n.
Katherine Rips up the earth.

TOWER TALES

Edith in Rath nicks the china.
Gladys finds Rux, ton(s) deep in her hair.
Helen will Say "ther(s) no use."
Anna is caught Shunning the boys.
Dorothy Showers anything but blessings.
Gladys goes Stark crazy about a boy.
Mary resolves to remain a Tailor forever.
Esther can Track tea and coffee odors without fainting.
Ray is no longer "Tout saint" (all saint).
Dudley does not pop Up off his chair and say "Good morning" to everybody.
Margaret does not attract all the Williams in school.
August does not say daily, "I got a new girl", and Whip forth a picture of her.
Willard's Wood stock is burned up.

HOME

Wherever there is faith and hope,
Enough to last forever;
Wherever there is truth and love,
A bond you cannot sever;
Wherever there is peace enshrined
Beneath a lowly dome;
And though it's just a little place,
You'll find that it's a Home.
You may not have a load of wealth,
Nor titles and great fame;
And though you're minus all these things,
You're happy just the same.
You may go out and see the world,
But soon you'll start to roam
Back to the place which you have left,
The place that you call Home.
There's just one thing that people need,
And need it awful bad;
And if they'd use some common sense,
They never would be sad.
There's just one place where there's content,
Where there's no need to moan;
And that's the place they really need,
A place that is called Home.

—Helen C. Wiessman, '25

TOWER TALES

THE STORM OF '23

All Sunday night the blizzard howled,
The snow-storm swept and raged;
By morning all in white was clad,
And the wind fierce battle waged.

'Twas on a Monday morning, too,
And we were undecided,
Whether or not to go to school—
Wish and duty collided.

But conscience finally rose above
Our inclinations sweet,
When we thought of the make-up work
And zeros for a treat.

We put on gloves, and caps, and coats,
And eke our warm goloshes;
We tied our necks tight up with scarfs
And collars to our noses.

And then our bundles we did take,
So large they made us lag,
I had my books and a violin,
An umbrella, purse, and bag.

Through the door we sallied forth,
And back again were blown;
A second attempt was bravely made;
We forward now were thrown.

We sank in drifts up to our knees;
Our eyes near lost their sight;
I lost a book, and a pound in weight,
And entirely lost my feet.

Of street-cars, not one was in sight;
The autos could but roar;
And gleefully we passed them by
As they had us before.

And now we came up to the place
Which we had started for;
And thankfully we heaved a sigh
When we had reached the door.

Our legs were wet and dripping;
Our faces stung with sleet;
Our faces were chapped; our strength was sapped,
We were a piteous sight.

We wearily stumbled up the steps;
Our gasps came fast and cruel,
And then we met the principal
Who said, "There is no school!"

—Dorothy Hess, '23.

TOWER TALES

O, TEAM

I noticed how you planned your plays;
Your strategy set me ablaze;
And ever you yourself did work,
And never once did try to shirk.
O Cap, a-planning every fling,
O Cap, this song to you I sing!

I watched you kick the ball so high,
And keep the men from plunging by;
And always well you caught the pass,
And made a touchdown with much "brass."
O Cliff, the man with mighty boot,
O Cliff, for you we all do root!

I saw the way you hit the line,
And 'bout their legs yourself entwine;
I saw you plunge and tackle too,
Oh, what is there you cannot do?
O Bill, the man with pluck and vim,
O Bill, for you is meant this hymn!

I cheered for you when you went in,
When you were bound that you would win;
And always you did do your best,
For here, indeed, you met the test.
O Scorch, a-fighting all the time,
O Scorch, for you I make this rhyme!

O you, who are so brave and bold,
O Team, can I my praise withhold?
Can I keep my laudations still?
My feelings free I set at will.
O Team, the Purple and the Gold,
O Team, for you this tale is told.

—Grace W. Botham, '23,

THE FRESHMAN'S SOLILOQUY

Squeak, squeak, squeak,
On the hardwood floor, new shoes,
And I would that my tongue could utter
My thoughts concerning youse.

Oh, well for the Sophomores to laugh,
As they notice the Freshman's plight;
Oh, well for the Juniors to smile
As the poor Freshie squeaks out of sight.

Squeak, squeak, squeak,
You will never wear out, new shoe;
If 'twere not for the seven bucks you cost,
I'm sure I'd annihilate you!

—Edgar McEachron, '26.

TOWER TALES

EAST SIDE HIGH—AN APPRECIATION

BEFORE I left the Philippine Islands, I was standing by the seashore one day, wondering what might be on the other side. It seemed to me then but a step from the fireside of home to the threshold of a foreign land. When I caught sight of an outbound steamer fading over the deep sea, my heart went with it and although I did not know it then, turned from the Vigan High School, to you, East Side High.

East Side High, where I now linger, taking the best from you—from your kindness and help to which I have become accustomed—my heart turns to you in gratitude, for I realize that I soon can not see you any more. I recognized your splendid spirit from the first.

You have furnished my soul with earnest thoughts and glowing aspirations. You have taught me to feel that I, who am humble, and unknown, and feeble of purpose, have something in life to accomplish. You have shown me; and I have been struck with the difference between you and the Vigan High which even now I am longing for.

The Vigan High School in the Philippines, where I came from, can not be compared to you. It is a small, simple, two-story bungalow of not more than twenty rooms. Inside, it may be dim, dark or bright, depending only on the rays of the sun or the condition of the weather. Subjects are limited, four in each grade without any electives. Chemistry and physics, which are so very important, and many others are unknown there. Severe punishment is meted out there for misconduct. Students have to watch every step in order not to break regulations and be subject to suspicion. Nearly every day students who are caught by the detective-like teachers are sent to the principal who, no matter how small the offense, or how good the excuse, will give three or four days' punishment.

You, East Side High, how differently you train your students! You have different departments to supervise different branches of studies. You have class officers who help, guide, and advise the students. You are noted for the good discipline and the splendid efficiency of your teachers. These and many other privileges offered here, fill my mind with thoughts which are beyond expression. Time may enfeeble them, distance darken them, and hardships of life obstruct them, but they will still be there, revealed by my anxiety to hear of your continued good work.

East Side High, you are imprinted in my memory in a way I did not dream of before. When I think of you when I am back in my Philippine home, sitting by the fireside, and in a listless moment recalling what is now the present, but will then be the distant and almost forgotten past, I shall turn to the leaves of my annual with delight.

CLEMENT ALQUISA, '23

TOWER TALES

DROPPING IN ON DR. JOHNSON

ONE day as I was walking to school, a very oddly-dressed man stopped me and said, "Come with me this fine, sunny day and meet some of your old friends."

I was very curious, and as he seemed kind, pleasant, and somehow familiar, I allowed him to lead me up to a large house. As we entered a long hall I heard a loud voice boom out, "I tell you, Oliver will always be late."

I glanced at my companion, mystified. He smiled and led me to the end of the hall and pushed open a door. There, before us, sat a number of men grouped about one individual who seemed to dominate them all. He sat back in his chair, his legs crossed, and his arms folded. Close beside him, drinking in the big man's every word, sat a smaller person.

My friend led me up to the big man and said, "Mr. Johnson, allow me to introduce a friend who is very much interested in you even though she has spent many a long hour studying your life." The big man rose and said in his most dignified voice that he was very glad to meet me. I murmured incoherently that it was a pleasure to know him as I had read and heard so much about him.

"Yes," mused Johnson, "I suppose Goldsmith has been telling you all about me."

"Oh, no, sir," I cried, "he couldn't tell me anything about you that I don't know, I think, because, you see, I know all about you."

To my consternation, he burst out laughing. I grew frightened and thought he would surely lose his breath. But he finally stopped, though every now and then he would chuckle to himself as if he were highly amused.

Goldsmith was now leading me up to the man on the left of Johnson. He acknowledged the introduction with a faint frown and an almost imperceptible nod of his head. James Boswell seemed annoyed that anyone should interrupt him while he was listening to his idol.

Goldsmith then introduced me to Reynolds who asked me if I would allow him to paint my portrait some day very soon. Of course I consented and we arranged a date for the sitting.

Next, I was presented to Burke, the orator, who immediately startled me by propounding a speech which was interrupted by my guide in order to introduce me to Gibbon the historian, to Jones the linguist, and to that very interesting individual, who, "on the stage was natural, simple, affecting. 'Twas only when he was off, he was acting," David Garrick.

Then, since the introductions were completed, Goldsmith pulled two more chairs within the circle and we too, listened to Samuel Johnson. I saw James Boswell scribbling notes as fast as Johnson talked. Johnson glanced over toward him, and seeing him writing, stood up and boomed, "Throw that man out!"

I jumped up, frightened, and heard mother call, "This is the last time I shall call you, Agnes. Are you never going to get up? It's eight o'clock!"

—Agnes Helmus '23

TOWER TALES

MARCH TWELFTH

"We don't care how the blizzards bliz,
If the yellow taxis continue to whiz,"
Said the teachers one Monday morn.

"I don't care how the blizzards bliz,
As long as I have my faithful Liz,"
Said Mr. Randle on that Monday morn.

"We don't care how the blizzards bliz,
The Madison street-cars are put out of biz;
And they can't have school without us kids,"
Said the pupils on the aforesaid morn.

WE MAY EXPECT THE MILLENIUM WHEN:

Katherine will tell us how to Rega(i)n our lost Ex's.
Theda can tell us How(e) to square a circle.
Alice gives new Powers to flunkers.
Mabel will "let George do it."
Josephine cannot Bray 'bout women's rights.
Violet Hues are blue.
Harriet's Coons become badgers.
Orian will Dhein at the cafeteria.
Agnes becomes Leery over trig problems.
Beulah fastens culprits to her Post.
Ann has Men all about her
Archie bids good Morrow to athletics.
Florence sends culprits to a soft couch instead of to Har(d)grave(s).

THE RIVALS

The sun had made his weary round,
And needs must take a rest;
So slow and dim, he sank away
To his bed, deep in the west.

The moon above peeped through the clouds
And saw no rival near.
She threw her light both far and wide,
She made the sky more clear.

She stretched herself as she arose
And all became more bright;
Then with a smile, she started on
Her journey of the night.

—Edgar D. McEachron, "26"

ORAL TOPICS

There is a little demon
Who follows me always,
He is Mr. Oral Topic,
And he darkens all my days.
I stand before the classroom,
I shiver and I shake,
I feel so cold and clammy
As though I'd surely quake.
My voice is strange and husky.
I control it not, I fear;
Soft twitterings of classmates
Is all the praise I hear.
I take my seat in silence,
'Tis done; I breathe once more;
The awful oral topic
For another week is o'er.

HAVE YOU?

Have you ever felt lonely and still
When someone you loved was ill?
Did you ever feel tired and blue,
When you knew someone felt that way too?
    Did you ever keep smiling,
    Though you felt more like riling
Everything that came your way?

—Helen Weissman, '25

TOWER TALES

ON MIRRORS WE ARE MINUS

When I consider how each lovely lass
Must let her hair-do, topsy-turvy, torn,
Go woolly, as if she ne'er from morn to morn,
Had seen what we so need, a looking glass.
'Cause "Lids" and jolly winds did so harass,
Her new-curled locks, and eke in spots her war-paint
worn—
Must we go ever mirrorless? I mourn.
But no. Our dean and oracle of mighty brains,
Just importuned, doth say that not for long
Shall rouge, and powder, 'stick and pencil, too, be rashly
thus applied;
But in our "make-up" chambers will be frames,
That hold great mirrors which can't answer wrong.
Our beauty painted evenly will be, and Nature quite
defied.

HELEN SATHER, '23

GRADUATION

Graduation's coming near,
When our class will yell and cheer;
No more studying to be done,
For diplomas we have won.
Graduation's in early spring,
When bees and birds are taking wing;
Blossoms and flowers are out to see
And nod to graduates in glee.
Graduation's full of sorrow,
For we cannot see the morrow;
The things it holds for us in store,
May ne'er be brought unto our shore.
Graduation's here 'tis true,
But we know what we shall do;
Push right on, show "backbone" now,
Wish-bone days have shown us how.

Silently, one by one,
In the record-books of the teachers,
Blossomed those awful zeros,
The forget-me-nots of the Seniors.

TOWER TALES

SOME STORY

SEPTEMBER school starts," said Sadie startled. "Summer spent so soon!" sighed she. Sadie's summer, spent in sport, sailing, swimming, showing Sammy Smith silly stunts, sewing sampler, scrubbing stairs, scouring silverware, shocking step-mother, speeding Sedan, (saving strength.)

Straining senses, Sadie sees sordid school's successive studies: script, segments, sciences,—shucks! (Such stale subjects); sees students, splendid in shiny shoes, silken skirts, striped shirts, sashes, slit sandal, scarlet socks, scarfs, satin slippers——sickening!

Soon Sammy saunteringly struts by. Sadie sees Sam's smile.

"School starts soon, Sadie," said sardonic Sam.

"So soon, Sammy," (surprisingly sorry) "Studies—"

"Shocked! Sadie should stay studious."

"Speaking of school, Saturday should start a spree for six," sought Sadie searchingly.

"Sure," sanctioned Sam.

So Saturday, Sadie, Sam, Susie, Stephen, Sarah, Saul, started on Sadie's sought-for spree.

Singing songs, slinging stones, swimming sociably, struggling shorewards, six skipped to Shady Strand.

Sadie, Sarah, Susie spread satisfying sandwiches, savory sausage, spicy sauce, salmon salad, spuds, sweets. Sampling savories, Sammy, Saul, Stephen swallowed speedily, shouting, "Swell!"

Shrinking salient spaces some sought seclusion, several selecting shore. Suddenly Sadie spied a snake! She screamed, screeched, shivered—so scared.

"Sammy! Snake scares so. Send someone with stick."

"Sadie shan't shiver. Saul! Stephen!" shouted Sam scowlingly.

Saul soberly searches surface; Stephen's shoe skids on snake. Sam scales scorpion's side, saves skin for Sadie, steps skeleton into soil.

"Serves Sadie straight,—screaming so," said Saul.

Silently, six select students sought safety schoolwards. Suddenly Sadie said, "Snakes such scarey sights! Surely school sounds safer."

Surreptitiously Sam smacked Sadie, "Sweet, studies spell satisfaction; sleighing, skating, skiing, satisfy sensations. Should Sadie seek Saturday sprees, seeing snakes?"

"Sooner school, Sammy!" said Sadie.

ESTHER TRACHTE '23 and "M"

Down at the foot of the garden,
Soft where the sunlight gleams,
Soft where the shadows wander
I go to find my dreams.
Down at the foot of the garden,
In a little spot apart;
I find them ever waiting—
Dear, shy dreams of my heart.

—JEAN PETERSON, '25.

TOWER TALES

A BLUNDER

THIS must stop right here!" said John Grant, as he put one foot out of bed and began reaching around in the dark for his trousers.

"John!" called his wife. "Please don't be foolish. Lie down and be quiet."

"No," he snarled. "I'm going downstairs, and I'm going to give that young man a drubbing that'll make him want to keep away as far as possible from this house in the future. Here it is after twelve o'clock and—"

"John," Mrs. Grant pleaded, "stop! Don't go down there, please—"

But John had found his trousers, and, ignoring his wife's words, he hurried into the hall. Then he stole down the stairs through the dark, and in about half a minute there were sounds of falling stands, tumbling chairs, and shaking chandeliers. The old man had grasped his antagonist around the neck right at the start and soon had him choked into submission. He then bumped the fellow's head against the newel-post several times and finally threw him down the front steps.

When he got back upstairs his wife and daughter, pale and trembling, flung themselves upon his breast.

"What's the matter?" he demanded.

"That burglar might have killed you!" they cried.

"Burglar! Heavens!" he gasped, feeling sick and weak. "Why didn't you tell me before? I thought it was Dorothy's beau." —"K," '26.

When the Annual's last picture is printed,
And the letters all smeared on, and read,
And the soft balmy breezes have hinted,
The winter is now very dead;
We shall rest, and faith, we shall need it,
Seems now for an eon or two,
Till the master of High School scholars
Shall set us to work a-new.

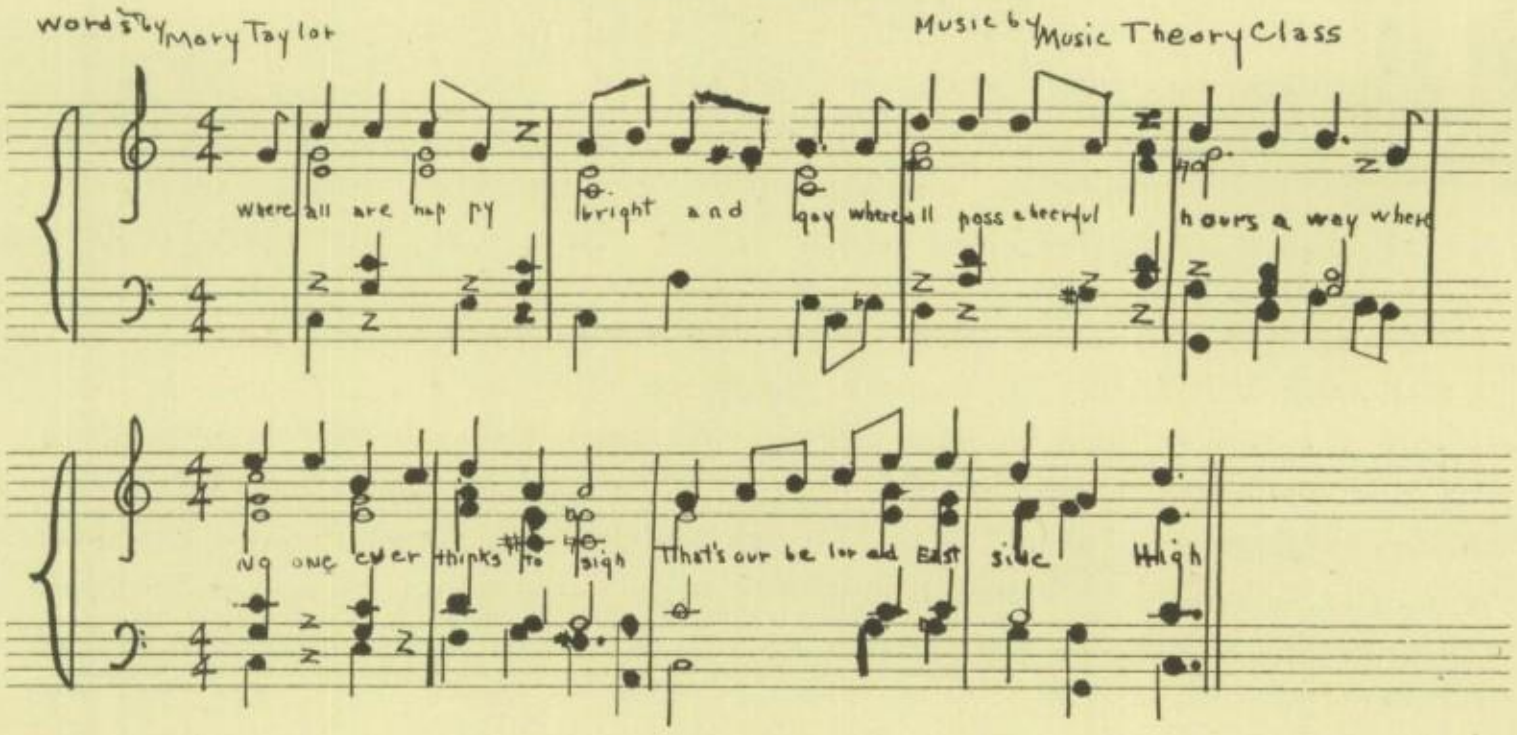
And those who got through will be happy,
And those who got flunked shall not care;
They shall go from this burg on a journey,
Or camp in the greenwood fair;
They shall lie on the lawn in hammocks,
When the breeze is soft and cool,
They shall bask in the shade of the tree-tops,
Nor think of the old high school.

"F. F. A."

TOWER TALES

SUBMITTED FOR SCHOOL SONGS

"OUR EAST SIDE HIGH"



A place to which we love to come;
A place with pep, we all have some;
A place in which we strive and try;
That's our beloved East Side High.

This is the school where we are taught;
This is the school where battles are fought;
This is where the towers rise toward the sky;
This is our beloved East Side High.

THE EAST SIDE HIGH FOREVER

AIR: *"Dixie"*

Come, all who go to East Side High!
Join in our song and sing with joy!
Work away, work away, for the E's and G's.
United, firm, with every hand,
And East Side High will always stand,
Work away, work away, for the E's and G's.

CHORUS:
The East Eide High forever, hurray, hurray!
The E's and G's will stand above,
The East Side High forever.
Hurray! Hurray! The East Side High forever,
Hurray! Hurray! The E's and G's forever.

Wisconsin High and Central High,—
So enviously will they stand by,
Work away, work away, for the E's and G's.
The East Side High will firmly stand
And be the greatest of the land,
Work away, work away, for the E's and G's.

—NORMA OLSON, '23

TOWER TALES

THE GOOD SHIP—EAST SIDE

AIR: *"Sailing"*
Composed and Sung at Junior-Senior Banquet
BY VIOLA ANDERSON, '23

Y'heave ho, my friends, we must set sail,
'Tis time to start, we must not fail,
The sails are high, the anchor clear;
Our gallant Barge shall bravely steer.
Our East Side High, a ship of new-found fame,
A toast to her, all glory to her name.
Then here's to the Captain and to mates and comrades true;
We will always loyal be, East High, to you.

CHORUS:
Sailing, sailing, on the good ship, East High,
For many a happy memory we'll keep of days gone by.
Sailing, sailing, on to our duties new,
Wherever we go, whatever we do,
Our hearts belong to you.

Y'heave ho, my friends, the time goes fast;
This pleasant voyage cannot last.
We cannot stay with East Side High
For some of us must say "good-by".
But since we all are gathered here tonight,
A toast we'll sing to everyone in sight.
Then here's to the Captain and to mates and comrades true,
We will always loyal be, East High, to you!
CHORUS:

"OH, SENIOR!"

AIR: *"Old Black Joe"*

Gone are the days,
When we were so fresh and green.
Gone are days
When as Sophs we wise did seem,
Passed Junior heights
That are known by us no more,
We hear the world now sternly calling,
"Oh, Senior!"

CHORUS:
We're coming, we're coming,
See how things come near and now,
And all the world will honor us,
"Oh, Senior."

Now come the days,
When we face the world so wide,
We'll do our best,
No matter what betide.
Still do we sigh,
For the days that come no more,
Although the call we answer,
Still from you, Senior!
CHORUS:

—J. B. DAY, '26.

WE GOT PEP

AIR: *"Little Eliza Jane"*

We's got pep, and you's got none,
East Side High;
We's got football, we's got fun,
East Side High.

CHORUS:
Oh! East Eide High, East Side High,
Oh! East Side High, East Side High.

We's got basketball, you's 'll run,
East Side High;
You'll see our pep, you's will be done,
East Side High.
CHORUS:

—MARGARET HOFF.

BONNIE EAST SIDE

AIR: *"Bonnie Doon"*

The stately tower of East Side High,
Looms white and slim against the blue;
And emerald terraces at its foot,
With walls of white and rosy hue.

CHORUS:
It calls my heart, yon castle brave:
Each dauntless knight and lady fair,
It's royal sovereign, all there-in
A memory ever sweet and rare.

Though we be gone so soon, indeed,
The life and fun of East Side High,
The carnival, laughter, joy of all.
Our Tower Tales we'll e'er recall

—HELEN SATHER, '23

TOAST TO EAST SIDE HIGH SCHOOL

In years to come, we'll often dream
Of happy days gone by;
In memory 'twill often seem,
We're back at East Side High.

Your sons and daughters far away,
Shall think of you and sigh;
Then promise nevermore to stray,
From thee, dear East Side High.

CHORUS:
Old East Side High, dear East Side High,
We're staunch and loyal to you;
Your praises will fore'er be sung,
Dear Alma Mater true.

—CLARENCE NAUJOKS, '23

ACTIVITIES

DRAMATICS

"FANNY AND THE SERVANT PROBLEM"

The first dramatic production of the year was a comedy-drama entitled, "Fanny and the Servant Problem." This play was directed by Mrs. Ulda Basler Fahnestock and presented under the auspices of the Girls' Student Club of East Side High School. Although the cast was forced to work under many difficulties, the play was a great success.

The setting of the play is laid on a country estate in England. Fanny, a young vivacious chorus girl, marries Lord Bantock, the owner of this estate, unaware of the fact that he is Lord Bantock. He takes her to his estate, where she finds herself among her twenty-three relatives from whom she had run away. She finally straightens out her many family tangles, and all ends happily.

TOWER TALES

CENTRAL HIGH AUDITORIUM, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3RD

"FANNY AND THE SERVANT PROBLEM"

A Four-Act Comedy Drama

BY JEROME K. JEROME

Music furnished by a group from the East Side High School Orchestra

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Fanny ---------- Dorothy Kurz
Vernon Wetherell, Lord Bantock ---------- Glenn Seifert
Martin Bennet ---------- Reginald Hoppman
Mrs. Bennet ---------- Esther Trachte
Jane Bennet ---------- Frances Gore
Ernest Bennet ---------- Everett Jacobson
Honoria Bennet ---------- Monona Nickles
The Misses Wetherell ----------
Arline Hanson
Lucy Peckham

Dr. Freemantle	Her Quondam Companions	John Mackin
George P. Newte		Philip McCurdy
"Our Empire"—		
England		Alice Anderson
Scotland		June Deadman
Ireland		Patsy Schlotthauer
Wales		Genevieve McCarthy
Canada		Barbara Good
Australia		Mary Schulz
New Zealand		Evelyn Gallagher
Africa		Gerda Trumpy
India		Dorothy Kracht
New Foundland		Joyce Williams
Malay Archipeligo		Charlotte Anderson
Straits Settlements		Alice Raanes

EXECUTIVE STAFF

Stage Manager—Properties ---------- Wm. Hovey
Electrician ---------- Willard Woodstock
Advertising Manager ---------- Harry Griffiths
Business Manager ---------- Monona Nickles
Publicity ---------- Courtesy Miss McGillivray's Art Department
Assistant Business Manager ---------- Frances Gore

TOWER TALES

THE JAPANESE GIRL

The second dramatic production of the year was an operetta, "The Japanese Girl," presented by the East Side High Glee Club at Central High Auditorium, March 24, 1923. The operetta was directed by Miss Olive Mitchell, assisted by Miss Anna Menaul and Miss Cecelia Hanson. The accompaniment throughout the operetta was played by the East Side High Orchestra. The proceeds from the operetta were used to buy instruments for the school orchestra. The leading role was taken by Monona Nickles, as the Japanese girl, OHanu San.

The cast of characters is as follows:

OHanu San, the Japanese Girl ---------- Monona Nickles
OKayo San ---------- Her Cousins { ---------- Carol Nelson
OKitu San ---------- { ---------- Dorothy Hess
Mika San, her father ---------- Maurice Peterson
Chayo, Tea Server ---------- Russel Wirth
Nora Twinn ----- } American girls traveling { ---------- Viola Anderson
Dora Twinn ----- } with their governess { ---------- Esther Caughey
Miss Minerva Knowall ---------- Margaret Hoff
Mitke Sukimoto, Japanese soldier ---------- Ralph Kamm

The girls who took part in the chorus were: M. Lunder, G. Bruns, A. Purcell, E. Trachte, M. Clark, J. Deadman, E. Gallagher, H. Gallagher, F. Groth, G. McCarthy, J. Riley, G. Clapp, M. Levenick, D. Milbrook, R. Ring, G. Johnson, F. Pollock, M. Widmann, A. Voss, E. Rogers.

The girls who took part in the Japanese dance were: E. Esser, M. Taylor, F. Aylward, K. Larson, B. Good, B. Seals, I. Norsetter, M. Tandvig, T. Gross, E. Hobbins.

CLASS READING CONTEST

Ninth Year—Ray Harb ---------- *Vive La France!*
Tenth Year—Genevieve O'Connell ---------- *The Vagabonds*
Eleventh Year—Barbara Good ---------- *Under the Lion's Paw*
Twelfth Year—Alice Anderson ---------- *Hamlet*

Alice Anderson
Winner of Inter-Class Contest

TOWER TALES

TRIBAL EVENTS

Chief	Mr. Randle
Tribal Prophet	Miss Hargrave
Medicine Men	Faculty
Sages	Seniors
Braves	Juniors
Youths	Sophomores
Papooses	Freshmen

The first annual tribal event, the christening of the papooses by the sages, was held September 22, 1922. Friday proved an unlucky day for the papooses as all the nourishment provided for them was popcorn balls and green suckers; a sage mistook a papoose for a green sucker, causing a near catastrophe. The papooses were formally welcomed into the tribe by one of the tribe's well known sages, Dorothy Hess. The papooses, represented by Everett Jacobson, responded nobly to this welcome. After having been duly initiated, the papooses returned to their wigwams, very much satisfied—mostly with themselves.

The medicine men caused heap big spooks to appear at the Hollowe'en parties, on October 27, 1922. From three to five, the papooses and youths were bewitched by spooks, cats, and jack o'lanterns, and the magical music of a jazz orchestra. From seven to ten-thirty, the braves and sages were terrified by stalking images of the ghosts of their forefathers arisen from the Happy Hunting Ground.

On December 15, 1922, Santa Claus, in the person of Chief Randle, doled out gifts to all the members of his tribe in token of their good behavior during the preceding year.

For many moons all the sages and braves along with the chief, tribal prophet, and medicine men had been preparing for the annual feast and pow-wow. The anticipated feast and pow-wow fell on Friday the thirteenth! During the feast and at the end of the toasts, given by some of the tribal orators, many war whoops rent the air. Tribal honors were bestowed on two of the sages, Ralph Kamm and John Mackin. After the feast Chief Randle officiated over the war dance. All the sages and braves felt that the pow-wow had been a grand success and they returned to their wigwams much satisfied.

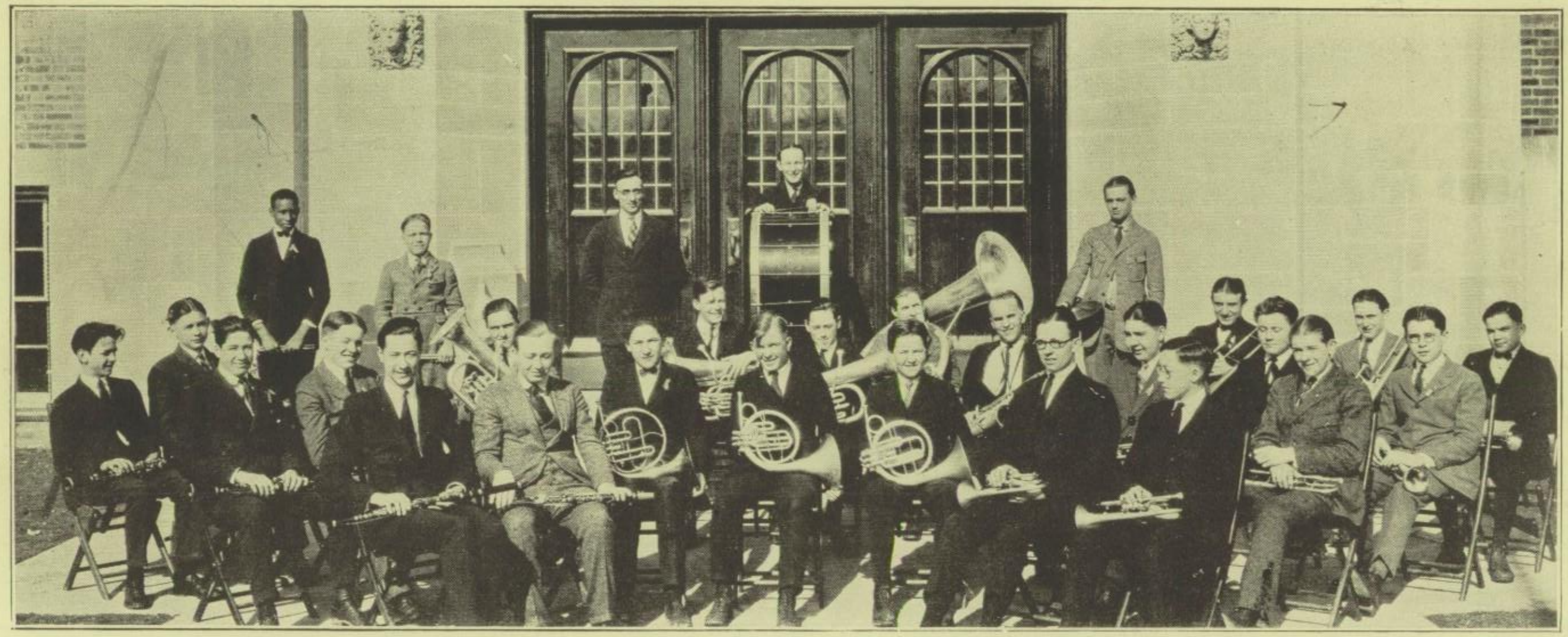
ORCHESTRA

First Row—D. Hess, V. Sundstrom, D. Gannon, R. Moehlman, A. Watts, J. Sprecher, A. Haight, B. Wernig.

Second Row—M. Nickles, W. Meier, W. Donlin, J. Peterson, S. McCaughey, A. Hanson

Third Row—R. Strauss, M. Tandvig, L. Witte, I. Hermesmeier, Miss Mitchell (*Director*), E. Korfmacher, M. Ottow, J. Halgeson, S. Rossmessler, S. Kretlow, S. Oswald

Piano—D. Amoth, V. Larson Other Members—N. Kovacs, G. Kroncke.



BAND

Left
W. Woodstock, M. Ottow
O. Durfee, E. Korfmacher
R. Simplot, J. Korfmacher
W. Henderson, H. Hallman
W. Houghton

Center
C. Bugette, L. Ersland
A. McKee, A. Orvold
V. Sundstrum, R. Moehlmann,
Mr. Jaquish (*Director*)
K. Brown

Right
I. Hermesmeier, L. Witte
W. Miller, L. Schmitt
J. McKenna, L. Erickson
H. Senerz, D. Gannon
J. Helgeson, F. Doring

MUSIC CLUB

OFFICERS

Dorothy Hess ---------- *President* ---------- Monona Nickles
Viola Anderson ---------- *Vice-President* ---------- Agnes Helmus
Monona Nickles ---------- *Secretary* ---------- Alice Anderson
Milo Ottow ---------- *Treasurer* ---------- Morris Barber

Advisors—Miss Mitchell and Mr. Jaquish

MEMBERS

Anderson, Alice
Anderson, Viola
Barber, Morris
Caughey, Esther
Donlin, William
Gallagher, Helen
Gore, Frances
Groth, Frieda
Haight, Althea
Helmus, Agnes
Hess, Dorothy
Hermesmeier, Irwin
Hoff, Margaret
Kloetzli, Louise
Korfmacher, Edwin
Kurz, Dorothy
Larson, Kathryn
McCaughey, Sadie
McCurdy, Philip
Nickles, Monona
Ottow, Milo
Pollock, Florence
Purcell, Alice
Seifert, Ethel
Seifert, Glenn
Schenk, Helen
Willis, Lorna

TECHNICAL CLUB

OFFICERS

Advisor—Miss Cook

President ---------- Willard Woodstock

Vice-President ---------- Alice Watts

Secretary ---------- Clayton Halverson

Treasurer ---------- Leo Kronenberg

CHAIRMEN

Radio ---------- Robert Schlaak

Mechanical ---------- Elden Evert

Photographic ---------- Lottie Graves

Members not on picture—Gregory Buenzli, Kathryn Burkhart, Violet Fell, Stanley Kretlow, Helen Schenk.

LATIN CLUB

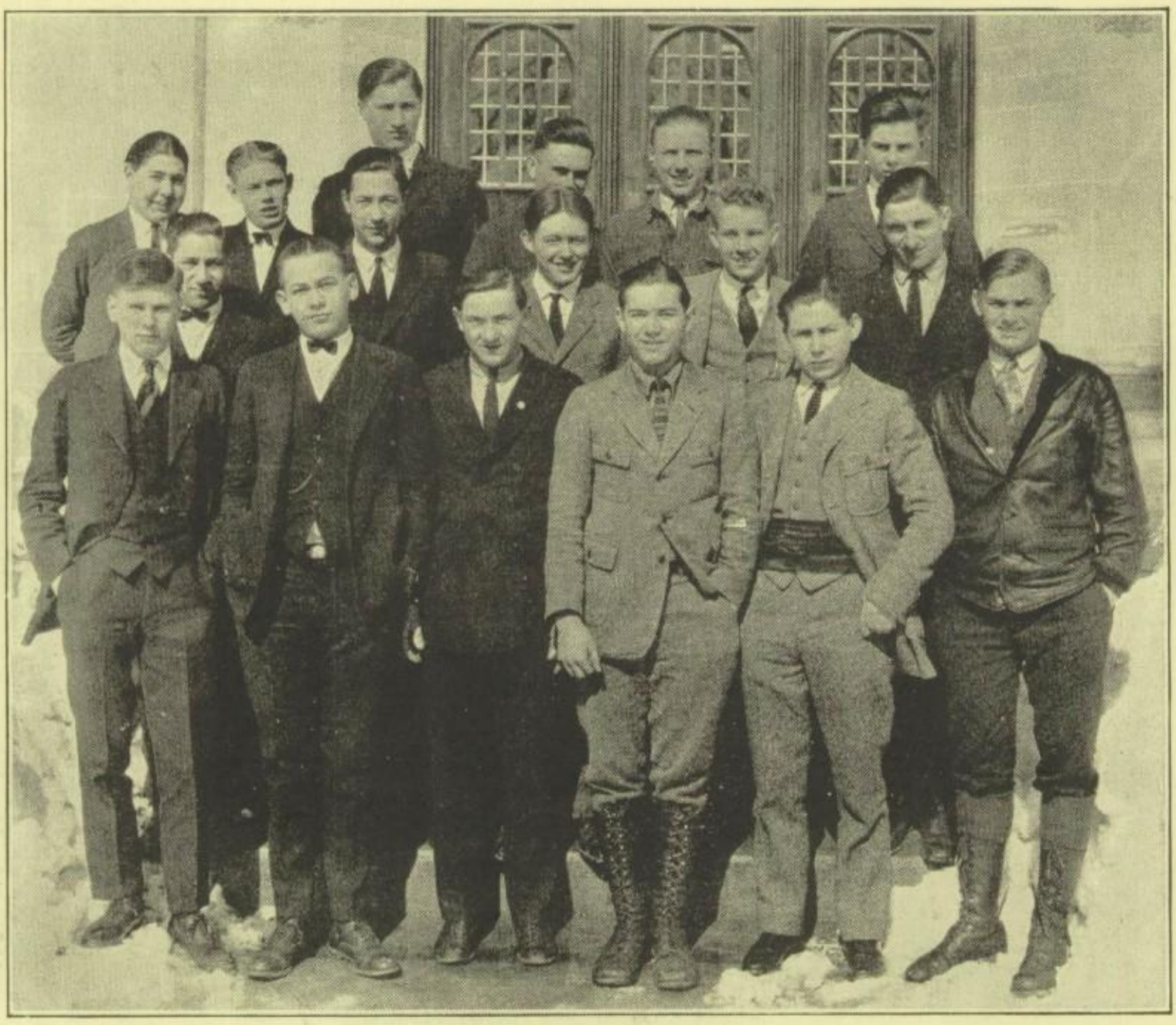
OFFICERS

First Semester		*Second Semester*
John Mackin	*President*	Alice Anderson
Joe Kurth	*Vice-President*	Edwin Korfmacher
Ruby Ness	*Secretary*	Dorothy Kurz
Lawrence Aylward	*Treasurer*	Willard Woodstock

ART CLUB

OFFICERS

First Semester		*Second Semester*
Esther Trachte	*President*	Esther Baldwin
Raymond Stanzel	*Vice-President*	Laurentine Steensland
Irma Vaughn	*Secretary and Treasurer*	Edgar McEachron



"HI-Y CLUB"

OFFICERS

Leader—Mr. Dhein

President ---------- Ralph Kamm

Vice-President ---------- Grant Field

Secretary ---------- Loutalles Heiden

Treasurer ---------- Clayton Halverson

MEMBERS

Anderson, Arnold
Barber, Morris
Field, Grant
Halverson, Clayton
Halverson, Clifford
Heiden, Loutalles
Hovey, William
Kahn, Irving
Kamm, Ralph
Larson, Alfred
Mason, James
Schmidt, Louis
Schlaak, Melvin
Smithback, John
Strauss, Ray
Uphoff, Dudley
Woodstock, Willard
Korfmacher, Edwin

GIRLS' STUDENT CLUB

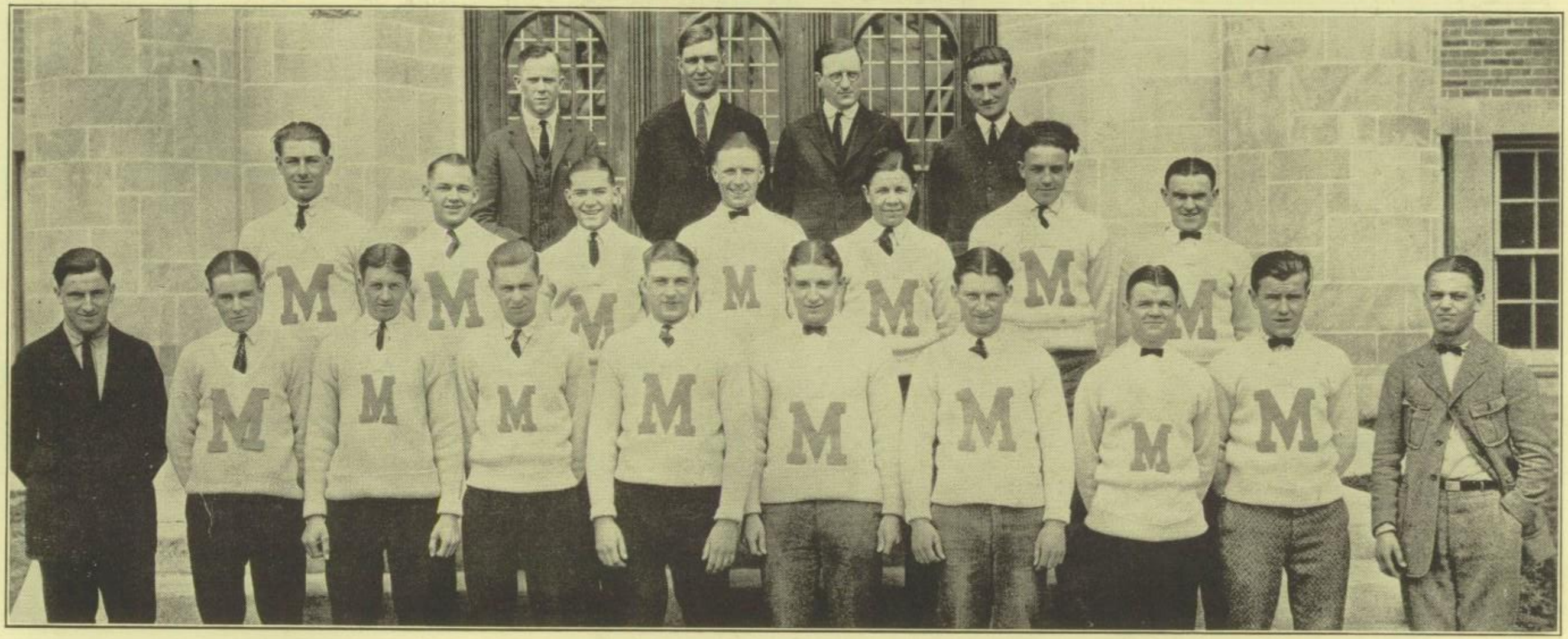
CABINET

President ---------- FRANCES GORE
Vice-President ---------- JUNE DEADMAN
Secretary ---------- CHARLOTTE ANDERSON
Treasurer ---------- MONONA NICKLES
Programs ---------- VIOLA ANDERSON
Service ---------- LUCY PECKHAM
Social ---------- MARY WATTS
Publicity ---------- ESTHER TRACHTE

ADVISORS

Cabinet Advisor ---------- MRS. FAHNESTOCK
Program Committee ---------- MRS. RANDLE
Service Committee ---------- MISS HARGRAVE
Membership Committee ---------- MISS EDWARDS
Ring Committee ---------- MISS KUHNS
Publicity Committee ---------- MISS STRONG

Members not on picture: Charlotte Anderson, Elizabeth Ashcraft, Harriet Barth, Lucille Carnes, Isabell English, Carolyn Frothingham, Dorothy Hanson, Edna Hintz, Betty Kamm, Adelaide Mitchell, Irene Norsetter, Margaret Packer, Ruth Ring, Mary Schulz, Lucille Spratz, Gerda Trumpy, Alice Watts.



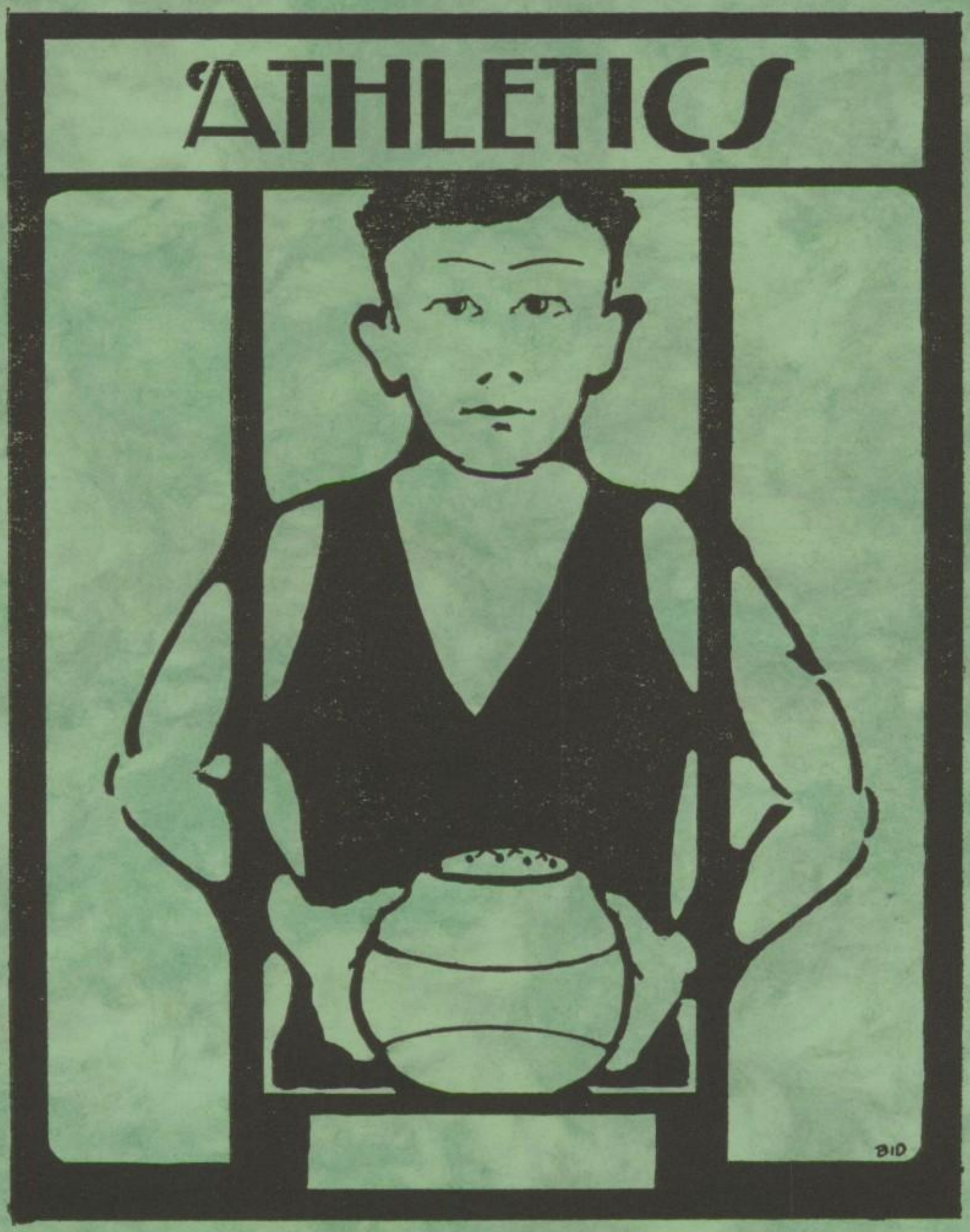
"M" CLUB

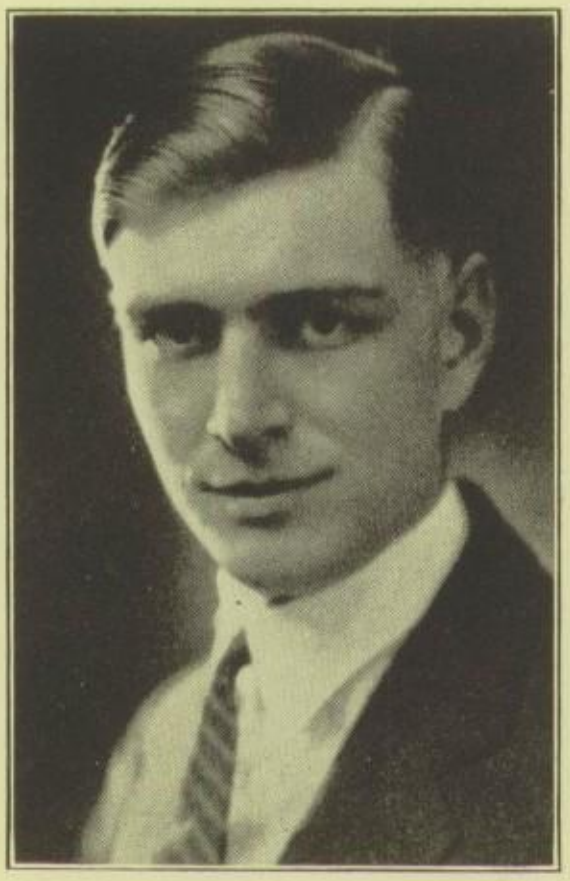
OFFICERS

President—Peter Hamacher *Secretary*—Howard Moran
Vice-President—Harold Armstrong *Treasurer*—Hiram Cramer

Top Row (left to right)—Otterson, Morrow, Randle, Dhein
Second Row—Milsted, Schlaak, Kamm, Heiden, Blum, Kurth, O'Connell
Bottom Row—Halverson, Armstrong, Field, Petersen, Kronenberg, Hart, Cramer, Moran, Hamacher, Doring

ATHLETICS





MR. MORROW

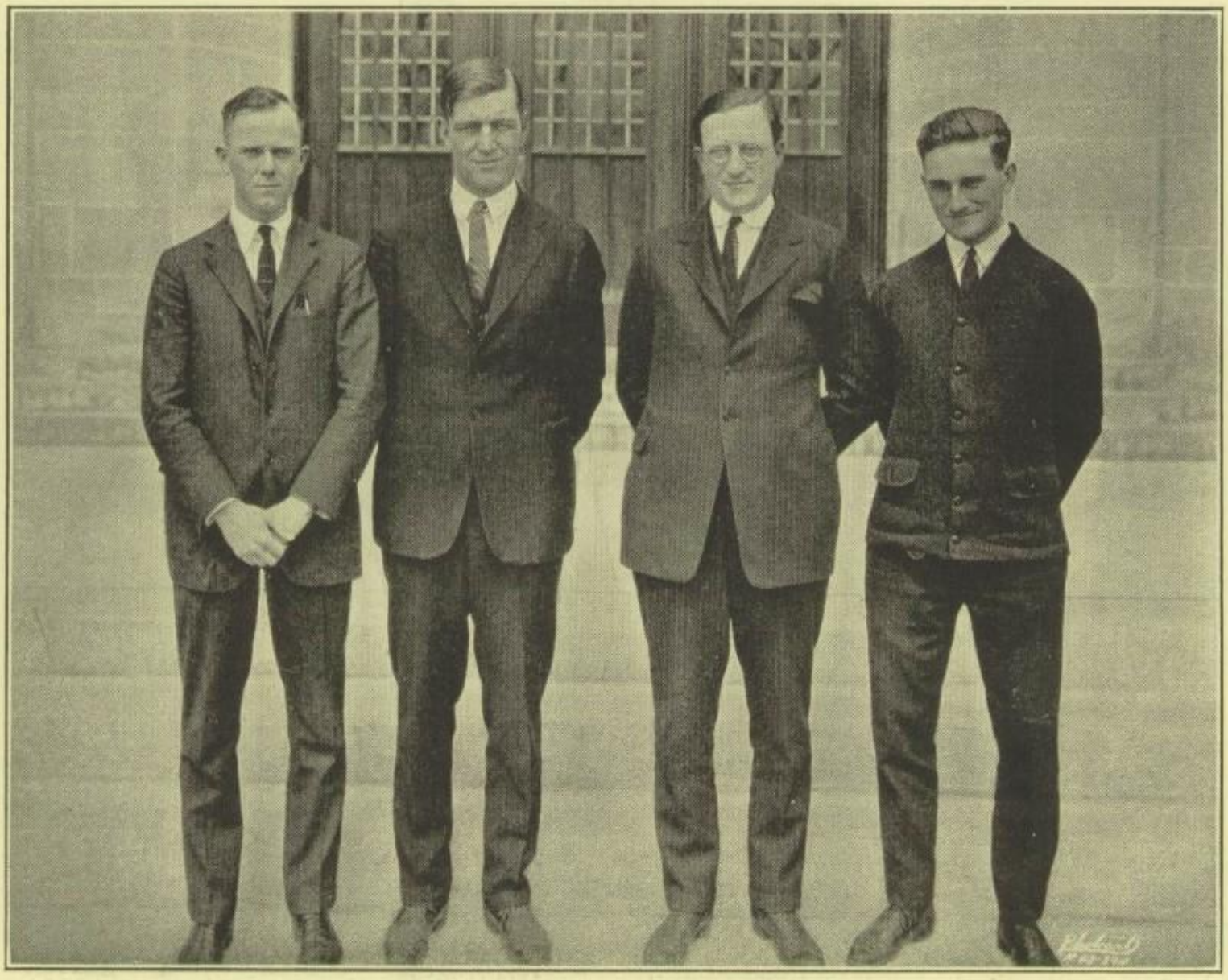
We cannot fully express our appreciation of the work that Coach Morrow has done for us this year. Mr. Morrow's department suffered greatly and was somewhat retarded, because of the lack of proper facilities.

Mr. Morrow, a graduate of the River Falls Normal School, is an all around athlete. While at River Falls he won four letters each year of his three year course. Before taking charge of the department of Physical Education of the East Side High, Mr. Morrow coached the high school sports at Drayling, Michigan.

Coach Morrow's work has been very successful this year, and we sincerely hope that he will be able to carry his program to a roaring success.

THE "M" CLUB

On March 15 the wearers of the purple "M", our athletic emblem, met for the purpose of forming an organization which was later called the Madison East Side High School "M" club. The purpose of the club is to encourage and maintain clean athletics. The club also takes upon itself the task of upholding the spirit of the school, and of protecting the athletic emblem. The "M" is the official emblem of the club and shall be worn only by those persons winning the emblem. Any student who has won his letter in any branch of athletics or by his office as manager of any of these sports is eligible for admission to the club, and membership will be conferred upon him after the majority of votes by members of the club admit him.



ATHLETIC BOARD

East Side's battleship ventured forth upon its maiden voyage over the sea of Athletics this year with Mr. Morrow acting as pilot, backed by Mr. Randle, Mr. Dhein, and Mr. Otterson. Under their watchful guidance our ship put safely back into port with a fairly successful season in its wake. Keeping a ship in its course and in perfect running condition is not always the easiest thing to do, but these men proved equal to the task and left nothing undone.

The main duty of an Athletic Board is to decide upon the eligibility of all students representing the school and participating in any athletic engagements. With this thought in mind the Athletic Board was organized early in the school year. Although the work done is rarely brought to the attention of the students, it is, nevertheless, a position demanding clear judgment. Besides determining the eligibility of the students, the Board has charge of the "M'S," deciding their size, the player's right to wear them, and the awarding of them.

TOWER TALES

THE SEASON

The entry of a new school into athletics almost invariably results in a lack of interest, both by candidates and by supporters. East Side was no exception to the rule and the backing Coach Morrow received during the first part of the season was a rather half-hearted attempt.

Early in September a squad of about thirty men reported to Coach Morrow for practice. Practically all of the available material was inexperienced and untrained, and progress during the first part of September was hampered because of the lack of proper equipment. Finally, with the arrival of supplies Coach Morrow was able to pick an aggregation out of which he built a winning team.

The early part of the season resulted in two defeats, the first at the hands of the Reedsburg warriors, Reedsburg giving us the long end of the bargain with a score of 18 to 6, which occurred on September 29.

The other defeat was effected by Baraboo, which met our rather unsteady team on her own field on October 13.

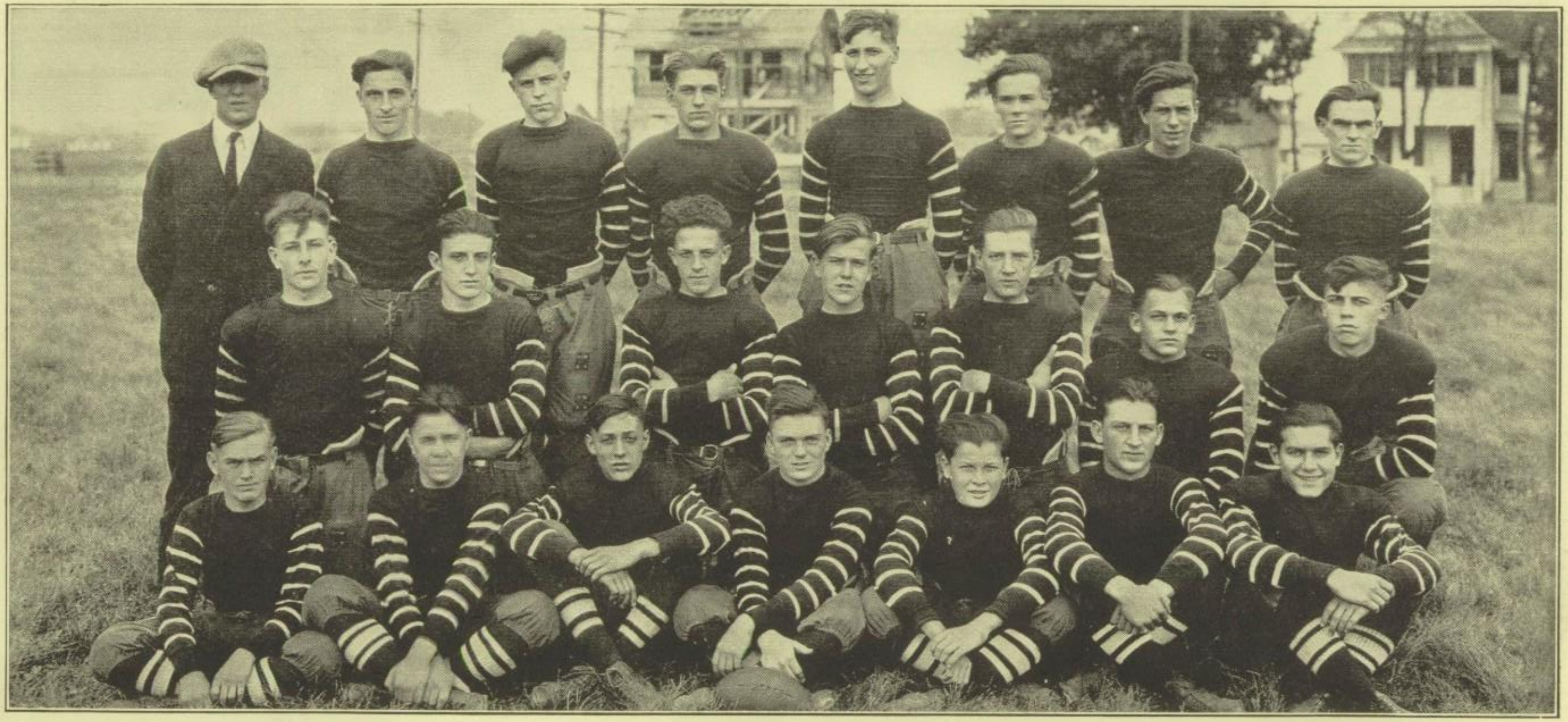
From this time forth our games resulted in a series of victories, all of which we can duly be proud.

A week later, on October 20, we met Evansville on our own field and gave them the raw end of the deal with a score of 21 to 6.

On November 3 Monticello left our field with a score of 31 to 6 chalked up against her.

November 18 dawned upon the shattered hopes of both East Side rooters and Wisconsin rooters, when the weather man turned the trick by giving us rain. At two-thirty we began our most difficult game of the season in a sea of mud on Camp Randall. After four slippery quarters of play, East Side emerged with a victory of 20 to 7 in her hands.

Our first football season over, we can look back and see that it was success, which encourages us to entertain unbounded hopes for the next season.



Top Row (Reading from left to right)—Coach Morrow, Halversen, Olson, Kronenberg, Mason, Armstrong, Harbort, O'Connell (Capt.)

Second Row—Milstad, Hart, Kurth, Hamacher, Nelson, Schlaak, Loehrer.

First Row—Larson, Blum, Deadman, Clemons, Fossae, Cramer, Kamm.

TOWER TALES

SEASON'S SCORES

Time	*Team and Place*	*Op.*	*E. S. H. S.*
September 29,	Reedsburg at Reedsburg	18	6
October 13,	Baraboo at Baraboo	21	0
October 20,	Evansville at Madison	6	21
November 3,	Monticello at Madison	6	31
November 18,	Wisconsin High at home	7	20

PERSONNEL

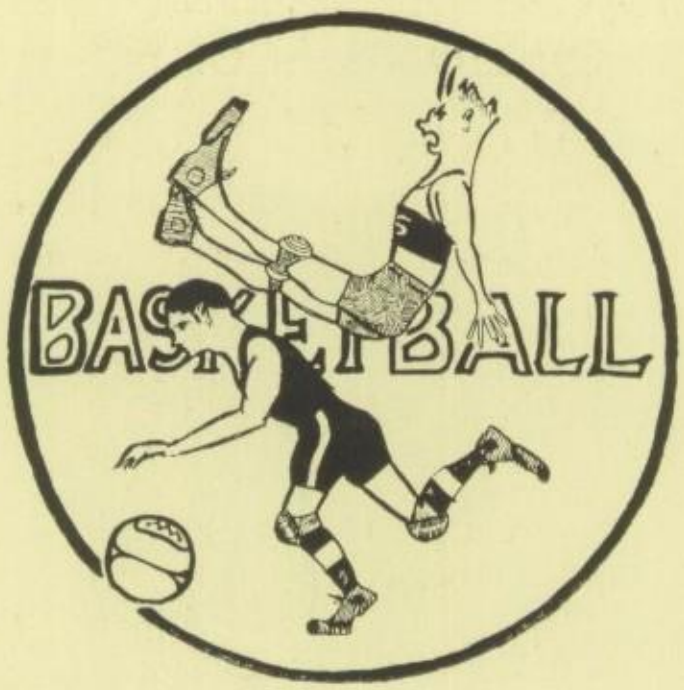
Name	*Nick*	*Award*	*Position*	*Weight*
O'Connell, Howard (Capt.)	Howy	M	Q. B.	160
Halverson, Clifford	Cliff	M	L. H. B.	175
Kamm, Ralph	Kamm	M	R. H. B.	140
Hart, Willis	Bill	M	F. B.	170
Armstrong, Harold	Scorchy	M	R. E.	145
Schlaak, Robert	Bob	M	L. E.	145
Milstad, Harry	Milstad	M	L. T.	170
Hamacher, Peter	Pete	M	L. G.	145
Kronenberg, Leo	Kroney	M	R. T.	175
Cramer, Hiram	Hy	M	G.	150
Harbort, Robert	Bob	M	C.	140
Kurth, Joe	Joe	M	R. G.	175
Blum, Carl	Murphy	M	C.	140
Deadman, Byron	By	1922	G.	140
Doring, Francis	Duke	1922	E.	145
Larson, Alfred	Al	1922	C.	140
Moran, Howard	Wad	1922	E.	145
Wirka, Frederick	Fritz	1922	T.	170

Average weight of line, 156; backfield, 161; average of team, 158.

FOOTBALL "M's"

The Athletic Board has chosen an eight inch purple "M" to be used as an award for football men of the East Side High. To be eligible for an "M" a player must have taken part in seventy-five percent of two major games, a major game being a game played with a school as large or larger than our own. A player who drops or is dropped from the squad before the end of the season is not eligible for an "M".

This does not apply in the case of a player being unable to finish the season because of injury. Also, a player not eligible scholastically at the end of the season will not be awarded an "M". These rules have been drawn up by the Athletic Board.



THE BASKETBALL SEASON

Our basketball season started off with a bang. Many aspiring players came out to make the team. Not having a gym our squad experienced difficulties in getting started. As the season progressed, however, our team progressed also.

We played our first game on December 15 with Belleville. Not much difficulty was experienced in defeating them, the final score being 26 to 18.

Our next game was with Baraboo on December 22. We journeyed up there to bring home the bacon, but, although our fellows played well, we were defeated in an overtime game by a score of 16 to 14.

With one scalp at our belt we turned toward University High. This game was played in the Armory on January 12. Their team excelled and the score amounted to 30 to 3.

In spite of our better team work Mount Horeb beat us on January 13 in their own gym by 14 points.

During the first half of the Janesville game Janesville's score ruled, but in the second half our squad's pluck changed their luck, making the game ours, 24 to 7 being the score.

We next clashed with Monroe on our own floor (rather, a borrowed one). Our fellows sent them home on the short end of the score, 15 to 9.

With confidence from another victory we traveled to Belleville, where we again triumphed. In this game our score utilized the large numbers of the score board, being 28 to 15.

But, alas, our bubble of victory broke when we played Evansville here. Due to the loss of O'Connell and Halverson we were defeated in this game by the strong Evansville five. This game bore the score of 87 to 4.

On February 9 we were downed by Janesville who came here to play the game. The resulting score was 27 to 2.

We arrived at Monroe on February 16. During this game Monroe had sweet revenge for the defeat we had given her earlier in the season. The outcome was 36 to 15.

Then came an engagement with Stoughton. The Hub City five was plainly a strong team and the resulting score was 23 to 12 in their favor.

Our last game of the season was played with Central High in the Armory. Although they won, they discovered that points weren't easy-picking in a game with the East Side squad. The score of their victory was 15 to 8.

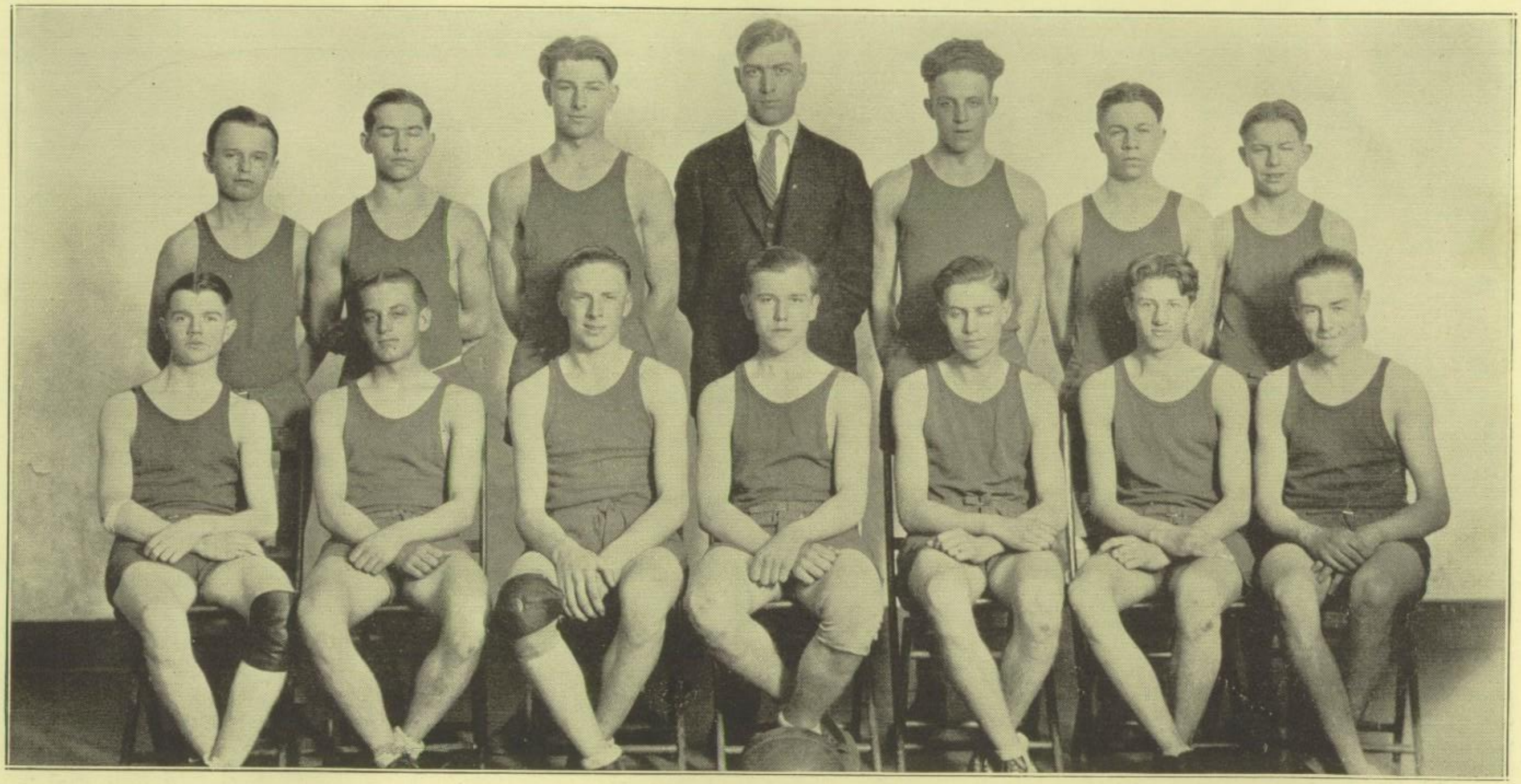
Considering all the difficulties encountered during the season it can be said that, although the season was not a shining success, it was in no way a failure.

THE TEAM

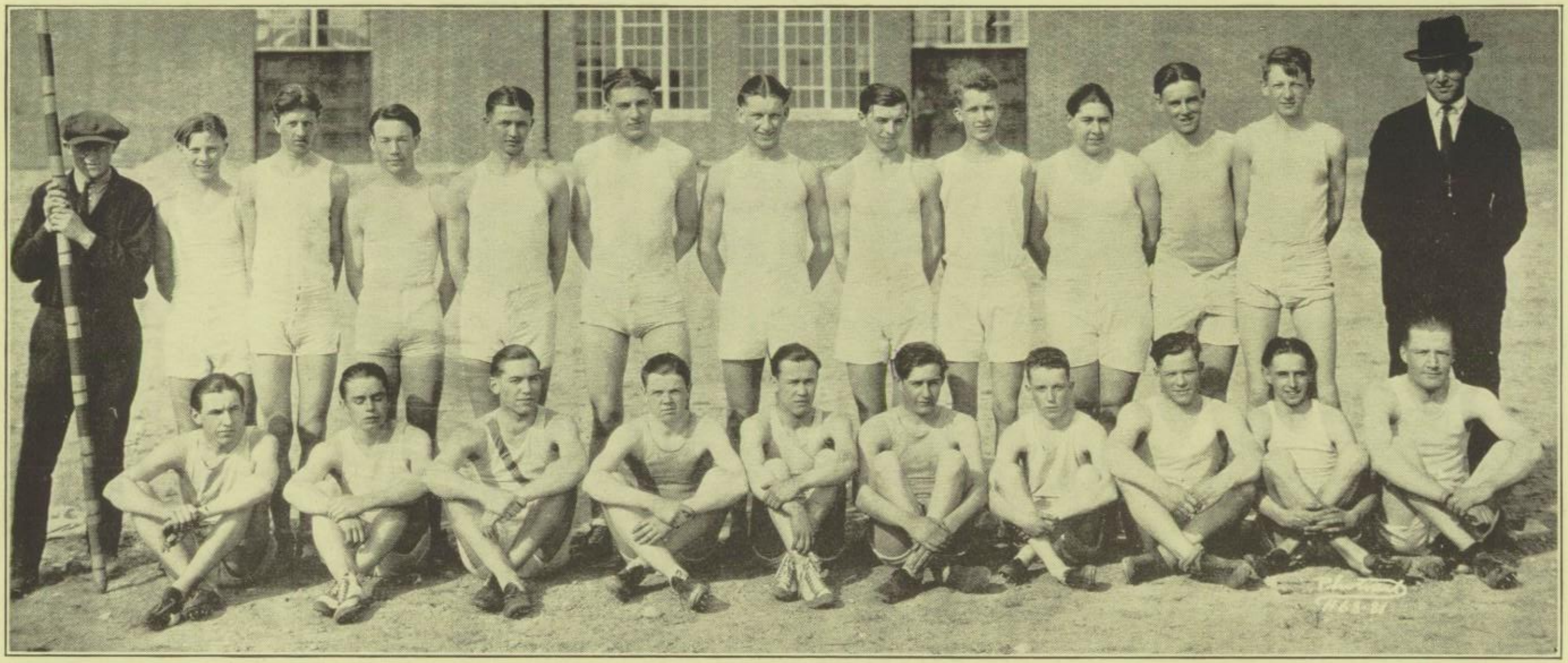
Players	*"Nick"*	*Position*	*Award*	*Wt.*
Hamacher, Peter (Capt.)	Pete	Guard & Center	M	160
Armstrong, Harold	Scorchy	Forward	M	145
Moran, Howard	Wad	Forward	M	130
Field, Grant	Greeny	Guard	M	125
Doring, Francis	Duke	Guard	M	140
Heiden, Loutalles	Lou	Guard	M	165
Peterson, Maurice	Pete	Center	M	130
Milsted, Harry	Milsted	Center	1923	170
Kamm, Ralph	Kamm	Forward	1923	145
Hamacher, John	Jack	Forward	1923	135
Ellestad, Avner	Avy	Forward	1923	140
Kurth, Joe	Joe	Guard	1923	175
Blum, Carl	Murphy	Guard	1923	145

BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

Time	*Place*	*Op.*	*E. S. H. S.*
December 15,	Belleville at Madison	18	26
December 22,	Baraboo at Baraboo	16	14
January 12,	University High at home	30	3
January 13,	Mount Horeb at Mount Horeb	20	6
January 19,	Janesville at Janesville	24	7
January 26,	Monroe at Madison	9	15
January 27,	Belleville at Belleville	15	28
February 2,	Evansville at Madison	87	4
February 9,	Janesville at Madison	27	2
February 16,	Monroe at Monroe	36	15
February 26,	Stoughton at Stoughton	23	12
March 13,	Central High at home	15	8



BASKET BALL TEAM



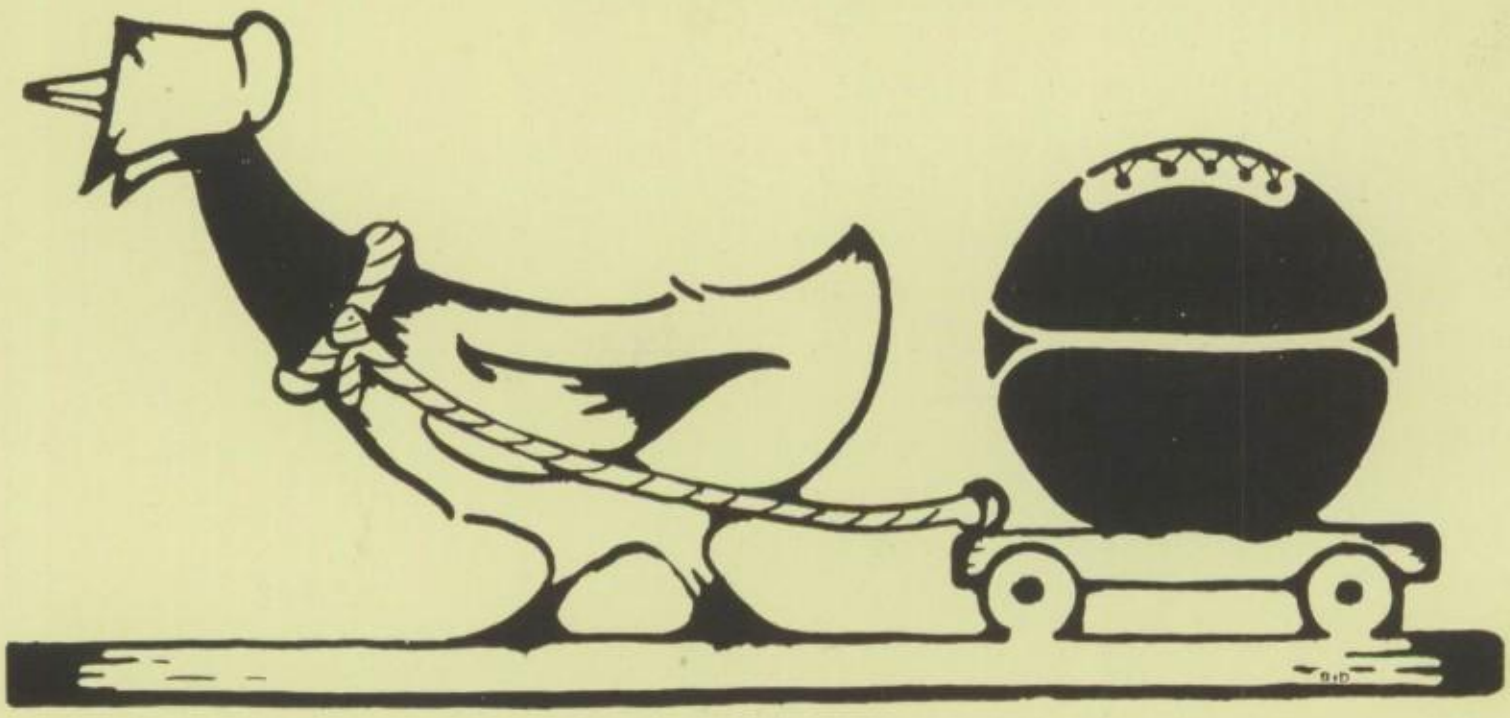
TRACK TEAM

Left to right: Manager Halverson, Kretlow, Field, Doane, Lalor, Kronenberg, Cramer, Gilbert, Strauss, Schmitt, Armstrong, Levenick, Coach Morrow Seated: Eisle, Palmer, Kamm, Moran, Clark, Mergen, McEachron, Arvill, Carnes, Nelson

TRACK

We notice with the critic's eye
That marbles are, so spring is nigh,
But never do we doubt that track
Turns promise of fair weather black.
On April fourteenth Track awoke
With forty boys to greet with hope
Our good school's chance on track and field,
Which has so far proved quite ideal.
Our men worked hard with honest sweat
Two weeks before the date was set
For our first contest with Whitewater—
The hardest school to be out starter.
Yet on this grand and glorious day—
With second place we rode away.
Turn backward now to one event
Which displayed all our elements:
In February the Annex held
The relay of the Carnival.
Although first place slipped through our hands,
Henceforth did we the rest command.
Then many points gained our fleet feet
At Southern Wisconsin's last track meet.
In field events more points we won;
Fourth place we gained when all was run.
Our Inter-class meet should have been
On May nineteenth, but rain stepped in.
'Till twenty-first it was postponed,
And then the under-classmen groaned.
The mighty Seniors took first place;
By fifty points they won the race.

TOWER TALES



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The girls' basketball work was greatly delayed this year, not because of lack of material, but because of the lack of a suitable place in which to practice. After considerable looking about, the Lowell gym was obtained for two nights a week. When the call finally came out, the girls responded willingly, and enough good material reported in the Freshman and Sophomore classes to form two teams for each class.

The players on the Freshman team promise to make a name for themselves sometime before they leave us, if they keep up their good work. They won the greater share of the games they played, and, on the whole, have had a very successful season. Alice Raanes is the captain of team 1.

The Sophomores, although their season has not been particularly successful, also have a good team. Violet Churchill is the captain of team 1. We feel sure that the Sophomores are going to show the school what they can do next year. The girls on both the first and second teams have shown very good spirit. They are fast, quick to learn, and know how to take a defeat.

The Junior team is our pride. They won the championship for the season, and won by a large number of points. Margaret Oakey is captain of this team. The girls have all worked hard to earn their title, and deserved the banquet which was in store for the champions. The Seniors, who hold second place, also have an excellent team. Dorothy Hess, the captain, and all her girls, have made the Juniors fight hard to win the championship. Most of the girls have had some experience in playing, which has aided their team work greatly.

Toward the end of the season the six teams played a tournament in which the Juniors stood first; the Seniors, second; the first Freshman team, third; the second Freshman team, fourth; the Second Sophomore team, fifth; and the first Sophomore team, sixth. The Juniors will be treated to a banquet given by the other five teams.

TOWER TALES

SCORES OF GAMES

Time	*Teams*	*Scores*	
March 5,	Seniors versus Juniors	S. 28	J. 11
March 5,	Freshmen I versus Freshmen II	I. 16	II. 12
March 11,	Seniors versus Cyclones	S. 22	C. 28
March 14,	Freshmen I versus Sophomores I	F. 10	S. 2
March 14,	Freshmen II versus Sophomores II	F. 6	S. 10
March 21,	Juniors versus Seniors	J. 22	S. 6
March 21,	Freshmen II versus Sophomores II	F. 16	S. 2
March 21,	Freshmen I versus Sophomores II	F. 11	S. 9
March 26,	Juniors versus Sophomores I	J. 56	S. 4
March 28,	Juniors versus Sophomores II	J. 32	S. 4
March 28,	Seniors versus Sophomores I	S. 25	So. 8
March 28,	Seniors versus Freshmen I	S. 23	F. 3

—Alice Purcell

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The call came out for basketball,
We answered it with vim,
And players fast
From every class,
Came trooping to the gym.
We all traipsed o'er to Lowell School,
And like insane we acted,
The whistle blew,
The contest brew'd,
And Dot the ball attracted.
Oakey grabbed, then graced the wall,
Preventing a hard spill,
She shot the ball,
Began to sprawl,
The basket took the pill.
Then Huffy for the basket shot.
What happened to the team?
They helped it in,
Now don't you grin,
That shot was one great scream.
Then as the game and scores progressed,
Collisions did increase,
With blood and gore
We wiped the floor,
As well as with deceased.
The ambulance was called with haste,
But the old bus got stalled,
The hearse instead
To take the dead,
Stood waiting for the mauled.
So I warn you, my friend, do not
Attempt this kind of sport,
Unless your bed's
Arranged ahead,
To sail from life's good port.

—June Deadman.

FRESHMAN TEAM

SOPHOMORE TEAM

JUNIOR TEAM

SENIOR TEAM

TOWER TWITTER

Tower Twitter

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Little Bill and the Mad Bull ---------- Sir William Hovey

Ashamed of His Wife ---------- Pete Hamacher

Experiences of a Traffic Cop ---------- Mr. Randle

My Friendship with Rzysplympski ---------- Violet Sidell

Overworked ---------- Katherine Regan

Underfed ---------- Miss Post

BOOKS THAT APPEAL

Football and How to Catch It

By Robert Schlaack

Statements and advice corroborated by Archie Morrow. Full of thrills. Includes pictures and write-up of players on the All-American Football Team, as picked by "Bob" Doane and "Bill" Hart.

Conlin	L. H. B.	"Snappy"
Davis	R. H. B.	"Shorty"
Leary	F. B.	"Duke"
Regan	Q. B.	"Katie"
Dietrich	R. E.	"Jess"
Kuhns	L. T.	"Cy" (Capt.)
Howe	L. G.	"Bara"
Hargrave	C.	"Maggie"
Ferguson	R. G.	"Pat"
Lucey	R. T.	"Red"
Powers	L. E.	"Ole"

Coach ---------- "Buck" Randle
Asst. Coach ------ "Stub" Otterson

She Is a Sweet Pickle --

By Clement Alquisa

A humorous tale of the adventures of Margaret Hoff, prima donna, chasing pronouns in three foreign languages and losing them in Japan.

The Stag Cook Book

Written for Men by Men

By Clifford Halverson

Favorite recipes of 100 men, including recipes for: Limburger cheese by Ralph Kamm; onion stew by I. Kahn; sauerkraut and beans by J. Korfmacher; hot-dog pop sandwiches by Foster Randle; jiffy-jell and hot chocolate fudge by C. Blum; bread and syrup by E. Jacobsen.

Perfect Behavior

By Philip McCurdy

Price ---------- $0.98

Another gorgeous McCurdy success! Written in his usual style of vigor, hope, and beauty. His magnetic personality pervading every page. The insanest commentary on social usage, giving remedies for embarrassments, tongue-tied confusion, and tell-tale blunders.

With the aid of this, the noted raconteur, Howard Moran, made his great hit at the Junior-Senior banquet.

The Farmer's Bookshelf

Edited by Grover Bruns

Raising a Porker by Hand—H. Armstrong.

New Fertilizer—L. Larson.

The Simple Farm Life—B. Good.

Insects and Men—O. Larson.

Hen Fruit—V. Sundstrum.

The Doctrine of No Compromise

By Lethe Metcalf

A book relating the remarkable experiences of the author in dealing with those determined to be guided by conviction alone. The author has known intimately Willard Woodstock, Dudley Uphoff, Ray Schuman, Glenn Seifert, Morris Barber, and Loutalles Heiden.

THE HEIDEN COLLAR

COMFORTABLE

CLEAN

CLASSY

COLLARS

GUM! GUM! GUM! GUM!

— Lasts Longest —

— Tastes Strongest —

BARBER & FIELD, INCORPORATED

LATEST INVENTION

THE MYSTIC PLIERS

Every surgeon, dentist, and plumber should own a Schlaack Plier. It has been successfully used to remove that school-girl complexion from the lapel of Harold Churchill, and has been used in the Physics Lab to extract teeth of sarcasm from our physics instructor. Cookie has also been saved many a plumber's bill by the wonderful Schlaack rubberoid pliers.

WORK WANTED

A full corps of Steeple Jacks is ready at the East Side Hi for spring house-cleaning. This is a dangerous occupation, as the boys do not care how high they go so long as they keep one foot on the ground. Because of the great altitude, their masterpiece has been reached; they are certain of obtaining great height in the commercial world, with pay-day every day and no work on pay-day. The boys who compose the corps are Stanley Kretlow, Edwin Stevens, Llewellyn Hinricks, and Raymond Strauss.

If these four professionals are busy, call for Edwin Rossmaessler. Altho an apprentice, he can justify himself by a graceful descension from various altitudes.

HELP WANTED

JANITORS NEED ASSISTANCE IN CLEANING ROOM 234.

Apply to

CHARLIE MY QUEEN

FORD SALES CO.

Fords for sale. Only slightly used.

HOBBINS AND KAHN.

S O U P

When you tear down from Period 5
And fall o'er each other's feet,
Tho at the end of the line, you're sure
to get
Your fill of potatoes and—SOUP.

E. S. H. CAFETERIA

A Magazine of Fun and Frolic

Edwin Korfmacher
Elizabeth Esser

Reminisce

AMONG the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall
Is one of the dear old East Side
That seemeth the best of all—

Not for its massive tower,
Not for its walls of brick,
Not for its spacious hall-ways,
Though any of these I'd pick—

But for its wholesome outlook,
Its work, its laughter, its fun,
Its spirit so fresh and cheery—
For its object so nobly won.

This poem embodies the thought for which "Tower Tales" stands. It is a chronicle of the year's happenings, and in days to come one can live over again the good times of high school life by turning over its pages.

The Rubber Band

The Rubber Band, commonly known as the Jake-Mitchell syncopaters, is composed of East Side High's most noted musicians. There are Dorothy Hess, so famous for her executions on the Jew's harp; Vincent Sundstrom, who is unsurpassable on the mouth organ, except by Kenneth Brown and Wilma Meier; Roland Moehlman, a shriek with the cymbals; Milo Ottow, capable of

Ralph Kamm
Elenore Hobbins

being heard with his ear-drums, and Lester Witte, who plays a variety of tunes on the shoe-horn; as for Willard Woodstock, he is unexcelled on the player-piano. Add to these Irvin Hermsmeier and Alice Watts with victrolas, Monona Nickles with the jazzbo, Glenn Seifert on the sweet potato, Louis Schmitt with the bag-pipe, and Deane Gannon on the pickerel, and any band should be complete.

The band is well known for its varieties of tunes in 234, 134, 132 and other rooms. It has been suggested that the band give a series of concerts at Whitewater in the school for the deaf and dumb. All expenses will be raised by popular proscriptions providing the band can make arrangements to stay until the summer months. A concert tour has been arranged by the two directors for the benefit of the new auditorium for the East Side High. Barabara Good, Helen Meyer, and Alice Anderson feel certain that it will be a success since it will surely bring enough brick material for the outer walls. The only trouble will be that the bricks will be received one at a time.

A Woeful Tale

The very first day of East Side High a double tragedy was exposed in the chemistry-lab. The noise of the pupils had mounted to a frenzied hubbub when I entered to find out the trouble. A Deadman and two Graves told the tale.

The Carnival

A Carnival! What a laughing madness! Who would ever think that a school could be turned into a carnival tent? Nevertheless, one Friday night, as I passed quietly down Washington Avenue, I beheld the stately medieval building, previously known to me as a high school, ablaze with glaring, multicolored lights. Upon inquiry, I discovered that the teachers and pupils of the school were together giving a Carnival. I was astonished! A school—a carnival—teachers—pupils—thousands of imaginary pictures swept through my mind! I could not see those sanitary white walls of the classrooms, decorated for the occasion with ornaments to amuse the public. I could not imagine teachers and pupils alike directing and taking parts in theatrical and vaudeville stunts. Nevertheless, curiosity got the best of me, and I entered, paying an admission of ten cents.

Before I had a chance to look about, I was taken into a darkened room, perfumed by the incense of the Orient. Ancient relics were scattered about, and at once I felt creepy and solemn. I thought I was in the underworld of mysticism, in a tomb ghastly because of the ages gone by and the spirits hovering about. Silently I passed into a larger room and lo! With my very eyes I witnessed the murder of Lord Carnarvon and the apparition of the spirit of King Tut-ankh-amen. It was an unforgetable sight!

The deafening shouts of the barkers bade me visit the second floor. Such confusion! Such wonders! Mother Goose came forth from the nursery and was present under the auspices of Madame McGillivary. The cruelty of the savage of Borneo chilled my blood and kept me on the alert for my own safety. Shadowland was a work of mentality and silent action in which a poor Holland girl raved like a madwoman trying to find out whether she was a man or a woman. This stunt was especially clever and new. Then ukeleles, Hawaiian nights, dark skinned maidens in native costumes bade me enter into their tropical world. Notwithstanding their costumes, they sang of Broadway" and "Lovin' Sam".

I could see little boys, still in short trousers, hastening into a side room, and, like Columbus, I imagined that some hidden treasure must be there concealed. Indeed! A fishing pond! I thought, as I took the bait, that the East Side had put one over on me, but after having thrown my line behind a sheet and having hooked a diamond pin, I chuckled and blessed the person who thought of the fishing pond.

Climbing further up toward the tower, I entered a minstrel show. Some of the minstrels must have been shoe-shiners, their faces glowed so. I cannot recount all I saw because my mind is still awhirl with the delights and marvels which each room held. But well do I remember the Queen and the King of the Carnival. The former stood haughtily draped in satin of royal purple and gold lace with gleaming pearls scattered over it, while her consort, his royal Highness, promenaded beside her in scarlet and emerald green velvet. Their page in black and white added much to the general impression. As they disappeared from my sight, I looked at the clock. Nine thirty! Why I had been in the building two hours. Some were going; I followed the crowd. I was tired. I was dazed. I sat on the

steps to wipe my heated brow. In groups the spectators passed me. The lights slowly went out, and darkness enshrouded me. With slow pace I started for the street car. As it appeared I looked for my carfare. What! My pockets were empty. Not a cent. I had spent over two dollars! Silently and happly I walked home, my thoughts busy with the successful Carnival.

—Violet Sidell.

GREEN ARE THE FRESHMEN

AIR: *"Green Grow the Rashes"*

There's naught but marks on every book,
In every class that passes, O:
What signifies the marks o' Frosh,
An't were not for the teachers, O?

CHORUS:
Green are the freshmen, O!
Green are freshmen, O!
The sweetest days that e'er they spend
Are spent among the teachers, O.

All teachers say, the truthful dears,
The noblest work why they do, O.
Their prentice han' they try on frosh,
An' then they make the seniors, O.

CHORUS:

—HELEN ROONEY, '23.

TO OUR PROSPECTIVE VALENTINOS

By Forrest Miller

What's wrong with you, you blasted dumbells?
Your mode of dress a sorry tale tells;
I can but say you pass for male cells,
In many places,
I say you're foolish imbeciles, and to your faces!

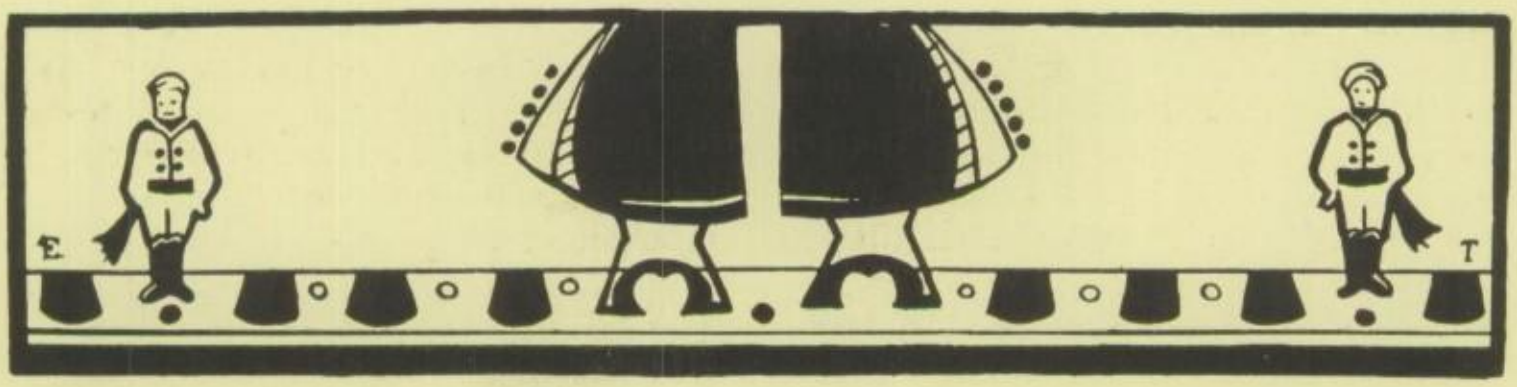
I laugh to see you strut so rarely.
I'd say you have to get up early
To get them on by school time barely—
Those peon pants.
You sure must breakfast very sparely,
And in a trance.

With flowing sash,—I'd like to choke you;
With knee-split pants,—I'd like to poke you;
With pick and shovel they ought to yoke you
In toreador pants,
And with a soft-boiled egg just soak you
At every chance!

Those ugly, clinging, homely messes—
Worse adjectives my mind expresses—
I fear 'fore long you'll wear cute dresses,
Effeminate wonders!
And wear you hair in tresses,
And other blunders!

I wouldn't be surprised to see
Them in old sunny Italy
Or adorn a Mex's graceful knee,
Or such as they.
But on our fellow students, Gee!
O, what a day!

I never thought you'd be so silly,
Randall, Maurice, Glenn and Billy,
To be so girl-like and so frilly,
In such a style.
Blame not me if looks are chilly,
Without a smile.



World Wide and East High Celebraties

AS I sat there in two-twenty,
And I had work, too, a plenty,
to notes;
And Morris Barber with the Iliad
Can evenly match up to Pope.

Dorothy Hess and Paderewski?
There's no difference there!
Cause both are skilled in piano,
And both have wavy hair!

Ted Lewis and Glenn Siefert?
Oh! dear when they start playing
And tuning up the saxaphone,
You just can't resist swaying.

Also Ralph Kamm and Caruso!
Deemed for immortality they seem,
For they tenor through "Pagliacci"
And "Down in Georgia" like a dream!

Esther Trachte and Da Vinci
With their brushes and their paint
Can turn the filthiest sinner
Into a radiant saint! —Y. R.

To Mr. Otterson

By Helen Sather

WE thronged in to 327 gaily enough that last day of the semester. We made the usual noise, and you were just the same. We were so carelessly at ease. Phil in his isolated corner succeeded in carrying on a fragmentary conversation with Howie. Grace, hilarious as ever, shrieked joyfully with Mary at Violet's Sheban shrugs. The day was unclouded; our carefree minds felt no presentiment of disaster. And you said nothing! The minutes passed while we, unknowing, had no regrets. When the bell rang we started out neither faster nor slower than usual; and still you had said no word. That day we heard vague rumors that there would be a change in the second period history class. We were aghast! It was unbelievable, that whispered word. But the next Monday, (black day!) our deepest fears were realized. One searching glance sufficed to show that you were not there. Not a single time since has our gay band met there with you. We are all scattered; and you are gone. You left us! That Friday you had given us our last lesson. How could you go and never say a word? Oh, Joe, how could you?

One Reason

By Forest Miller

MARGARET Hoff and Galli Curci!
Twins are they, when it comes
I tried in vain to concentrate my
thought,
But 'twas useless; yes, 'twas useless,
As my mind was wholly museless,
And of study my poor brain consider'd naught.
But I thought of week-end parties,
And of many pleasant sorties,—
I tried, I say, to keep them from
my thought.
But 'twas hopeless; aye, 'twas hopeless,
As for study I was copeless,
I couldn't calm my thinking as I
ought.
But I sat there ruminating,
On things not illuminating—
The bell awoke me from my won-
d'ring thought—
And to class I went elated,
But my poor self was belated,
My teacher, as she ought to, gave
me naught!

Rubber Stamps

Mary Taylor—"Who? Phil?"

Helen Sather—"Oh, isn't it sweet!"

John Mackin—"Violet, will you behave?"

"Sy"—"Well ———————— Pete."

Violet Sidel—"Oh! say, it's the wildest—"

Wilbur Carnes—"What thing? Me?"

Esther Trachte—"Really?"

Inga Olson—"Oh! he's the darlingest."

Ray Shuman—"No, that ain't it."

Ralph Kamm—"What do we have in English today?"

Miss Metcalf—"Let's get down to business."

Bill Griffiths—"Buy a ticket."

Frederick Kurz—"When do we eat?"

Harry Griffiths—"I've sworn off girls for life."

Miss Edwards told her biology class to bring samples of food to be tested. The following day, at eight-thirty, in trots June Deadman with

1. Loaf of bread
2. Bunch of celery
3. Dozen apples
4. Spuds.

Who is her pet?

Ye History Teachers

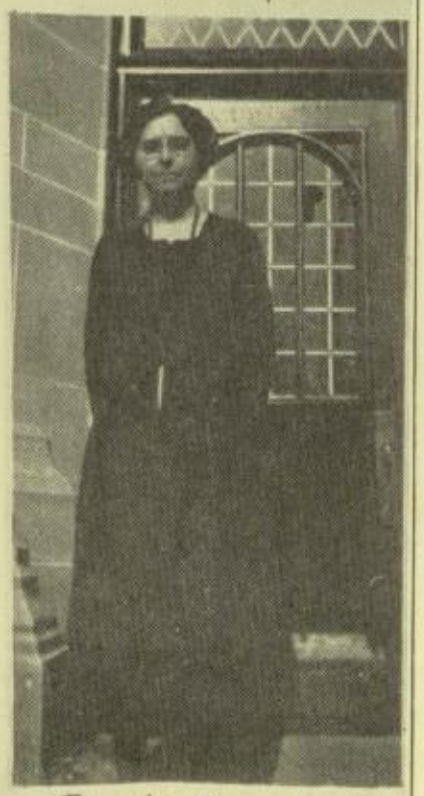
Who's taking the picture?

English Department

Our Cook

Magister

Here's to-Morrow!



Tra-la-la

Dignified Teachers

Noted Scientists

Freshman Frolic Speakers

Bob Stringer

Our family

Harry Williams

Bobby Good

Esser

Baby days

Gordon O.

Frosh

Oakey Twins

Joe

M. Hoff

Wanted: Light on the Subject

Why Mr. Otterson gave a history lesson out of System.

Where Al Larson learned to talk.

Where Fritz Groth gets her marcelles.

Where Grace Botham gets her men.

Where Dutch Aylward got her name.

Where Phil McCurdy and Morris Barber got their slouch.

Where Pete H. got his good looks.

Where Julian H. acquired his squint.

Where Bob S. learned to dance.

Where M. Taylor picked up Phil.

Where Esther Cotton learned to smile.

Why an orchestra is hired when Deane Gannon plays eight instruments himself.

Why Hi Cramer came to school every day for a week.

Why Alice Nichols is an antidote for Trig's tardiness.

How Kenneth Brown came to play a tuber in the band.

What relationship there is between Harry Nelson and Rip Van Winkle.

Fat Freshman: "Miss McGillivray, may I go into my locker?"

Miss McGillivray: "Yes, but don't get in too far, so that you can't get out."

Out of Luck

IT was the second day of the semester. The clouds hung low and the sun seemed to have forgotten to come out. The snow had melted and formed a dirty slush on the sidewalks.

He came out of the front entrance of the building, wearing a countenance even more dismal looking than the weather. He reached the sidewalk and turned east on Washington Avenue. A small piece of wood obstructed his path. With an unintelligible grunt of some sort or another, he kicked it viciously aside. His feet dragged incessantly. His face was getting blacker and blacker. With just a casual glance, a passer-by would receive the impression that he was ready to swear a blue streak. However, he kept his temper. He turned the corner on Sixth street without paying the least attention to a "Hello" from one of his "cronies".

By chance, one of his girl friends happened along at the same time. With the usual curiosity of the gentler sex, she inquired the cause of all his downheartedness. For an answer she got this gruff reply, "You would feel the same way if you had my program: Regan for English; Leary for Math.; Metcalf for History; Ellman for French; no hopes for any change."

The girl spoke not another word.

—J. W. S.

A Visit to the Office

By Violet Fell

WHEN you're called into the office
To answer for your sins,
And feel that you are standing on
A row of sharpened pins,
When you'd like to slip one over,
But you really don't know how.

How you wish you'd studied bluffing,
And learned the gentle art
Of saying something pleasing that
Would help you win your part;
You think you'd like to try it, but
You know it's too late now,
So don't try to slip one over
When you don't know how.

Miss Kuhns (in derivatives): Oliver, give your sentence using feminine."

Frosh: "There were a lot of feminines in the club."

That's Miss Lucey!

IF you meet a teacher in the hall,
With pretty red hair, a smile for all,
And right away you know she is nice,
That's Miss Lucey!

If she takes an interest in your work,
And helps you lots, if you do not shirk,
Still willing to do a little more,
That's Miss Lucey!

So when you hear "She's as good 's she looks,
And doesn't make me stick to my books,"
Just think awhile, and then you will say,
"That's Miss Lucey!"

By Edith Davies.

AND here's to a teacher with spirit aplenty,
A jolly good sport and for fun she is ready;
She goes to all games and cheers with the rest;
Of all of our teachers, she's surely the best.

And now you do ask, "Which teacher is she?"
She's short and quite stocky, and sweet as can be.
I'll not tell her name 'cause she's bashful, ah yes,
And more fun will you have if only you guess.

Policy of Room 327——

Giveit tu em gudant plenti,
Soc et tu em gudant strong,
Don't ever letum geta stand in,
Go pher everything that's wrong,
Makem flunc and makem worry,
Makem sit up nites and buck,
Makem wonder what cher thinkin,
Makem curse the evilluck,
Never letum getoo hopeful,
Never sayther doing well,
Makem wish they hadent cum here,
Makem wish you were—at home.

Frances Gore: "I thought that any spectators were allowed to come to the congressional sessions."

Miss Metcalf: "But, Frances, the spectators were in the gallery. Only cabinet members were allowed to sit on the floor."

Our Band

I

AS I was studying in my room,
Studying as hard as could be,
A melody, so strange and sweet
Came floating down to me.

II

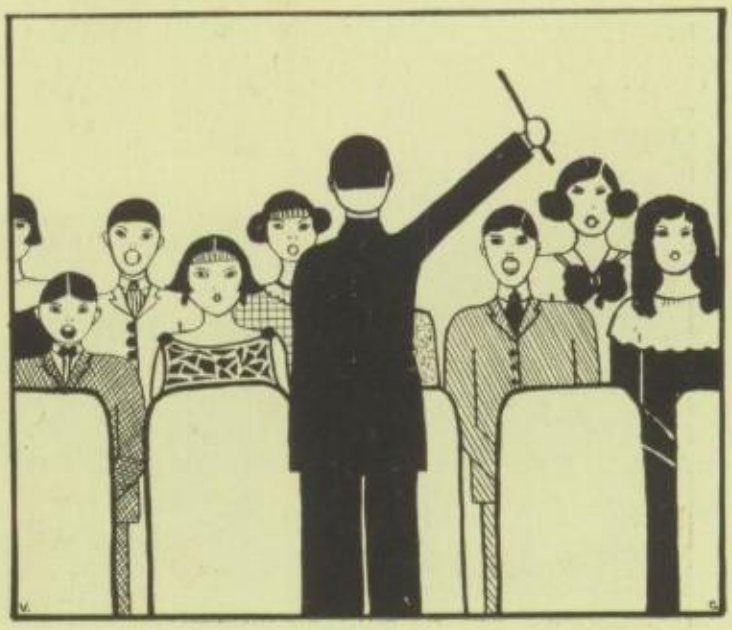
I glanced around with startled eyes
From whence did it emerge?
It seemed to me that one who died
Could have had it for a dirge.

III

"My gee, they have a lot of sand,"
I thought, but then you see
It is our brilliant high school band
That plays that melody.

IV

Yes, it is our high school band,
With brave and daring players;
But we that are below them
Have to grin and say our prayers.



What can I do for you?

Operetta Dancers

Posies

Waiting

Kamm's Chorus

Hello there!

Music, or oration?

Our Toastmistress

Margaret

Triplets

Junior Social Committee-1923

Just out

Our mascot

Shoulder high

Five sheiks

Day dreaming

Rose among thorns

Smiles

Who's coming?

A maiden fair

On the rocks

All dressed up

Loving sisters(?)

Bread and butter—

Sophomores' pride

And he our President!

All for a quarter—

Fishes out of water

Strumming

MR. Randle with his car
Went to Fond du Lac.
It isn't so very far,
So he got back.

MARY Taylor is a maiden sweet,
With big blue eyes and tiny feet,
Phil is her lover brave and true,
Straight and tall and manly too,
He brings her presents by the peck,
And throws cold snow-balls down her neck,
And soon these two will married be,
And fight together happily.

Al was making a big fuss, owing to the fact that he lost his Eversharp.

"What's the reward?" asked one of the girls.

"Well, a good kiss," was the reply.

Naturally all the girls started to look for it. Just then, Miss Lucey came in. She stooped to pick up something, which later proved to be Al's Eversharp.

Oh, boy! you should have seen Al.

We know now that he is no sport.

In the Classrooms

Teacher: "All pupils in the back row got 100 in the test."

Phil McCurdy (in the front row): "Swell team work!"

Miss Metcalf: "Why were the Confederate soldiers paid less than the northern soldiers?"

Stew: "Because the northern soldiers belonged to the Union."

Miss Leary, to pupil in study room: "If you can't hear the bell at this time of day, I am sure you can hear it at the end of the ninth period."

Dorothy Kurz: "Oh, I'm so hot I simply can't stand it. I'm almost roasting. May we open the window?"

Mrs. Davidson: "Yes, you may open the window, but I think if you'd keep still for a while you'd cool off."

Miss Cook: "One pupil in this class made 33 on the first quiz, 34 on the second, and 35 on the third. Now, how can he expect to pass?"

Optimistic Pupil: "Well, it shows he's improving."

Miss Davis: "Where is the heart of a frog located?"

Freshman: "In the center of the stomach."

Miss Davis: "I've heard it said that the way to a man's heart was thru his stomach but I never knew it was so with frogs."

Miss Mitchell: "A higher tone is obtained on the brass instrument by greater pressure on the lips."

Viola Anderson: "Goodness, I don't like hard pressure on my lips."

Teacher: "Bill, have you your excuse ready?"

Pupil: "Not quite; I'll have it finished in just a second."

Louis Schmitt: "I saw the Rhine, the factories, and the forests of Germany."

Miss Volkman: "Have you really been there?"

Louis Schmitt: "No, they were moving pictures."

Pearl Olstad: "The bill of rights are the first Ten Commandments."

Miss Gillogly (translating from Cicero): "'The letters were sent to him by Lentulus for Catiline.' Now get those prepositions straight, to him, by Lentulus, for Catiline."

La Verne Clifcorn: "Yes, two-by-four."

Grover Bruns: "I thought that one of the Lincoln-Douglas debates was held in Egypt."

Miss Metcalf: "What made you think that?"

Grover: "They said it was in Cairo."

Mr. Otterson: "John, give an example of a protoplasmic membrane whose name suggests itself."

John Harris: "A person's brain."

Miss Strong: "Discuss the character of the soldier in 'Incident of the French Camp'."

Hi Cramer: "He had a strong character because he stood erect and kept his mouth shut."

Whitie (trying to fool pupils in Math. class while teacher is out of the room): "Jiggers, here she comes."

Teacher: "And here she is."

Miss Strong (calling roll first day of school): "Mary Taylor."

Mary: "Here."

Miss Strong: "Harold Taylor."

Silence.

Miss Strong: "Mary, do you know?"

Mary (hastily): "Nope, he don't belong to me."

Donald Smith (watching Miss Brabant arranging pink sweet peas in a vase): "There is some dew on them yet, isn't there?"

Miss Brabant: "No, I paid cash for them."

Miss Strong (to Hiram Cramer, after he failed to hand in one of the "four themes"): "Hiram, I don't see why you come to school. The football season is over."

Ernest A. (explaining to his civics teacher): "To prevent disease during the flu epidemic, the people in theatres sat checkerboard fashion."

John R. (who has been dreaming during this period): "What did they use checkerboards for?"

Our Victorious Team

By Grace W. Botham

OUR team stood on Camp Randall Field,
Facing Wisconsin High,
Determined not to fail nor yield;
'Twas but to do or die.

So bold and staunch were those young men,
As made to gain great fame;
Brave boys, whose only thoughts just then
Were but to win that game.

The game went on; they never ceased
To fight and hit the line,
And though with blood and mud well greased,
They on raw meat did dine.

They neither shirked nor asked for rest,
But fought most gallantly;
They had been treated as a jest,
And jeered so wantonly.

Their strength they showed, their spirit too.
Bravely they fought and bold;
And they defeated the White and Blue,
For their dear Purple and Gold.

Now here's a moral to this poem:
If ever you play our team,
Don't plan to take the cookies home;
'Twill only prove a dream.

To a Freshman

OH! Timid little Freshie,
Do not grieve if you are late.
Miss Hargrave isn't half as cross
As the Sophomores relate.
But it is best to be on time;
Be in your seat by half past eight.
Every morning—rain or shine,
Come to school and don't be late.

—Edith Davies.

Summertime

Football heroes

New-mown hay

Amiable Agnes

A sport

Resting

Ruth E.

Edith

Interpretive dancing

Smiling Sadie

Peggy

At cherry camp

Why the 'uke'?

Knees

Myrtle as governess

Don't we love each other?

On with the dance

Pretty

Pensive Florence

Gentlemen first

A soft seat

Baby skater

Come, O gentle Muse

Friends

Japanese Maidens

Pierre at home

A blockade

As we were

Loaded down

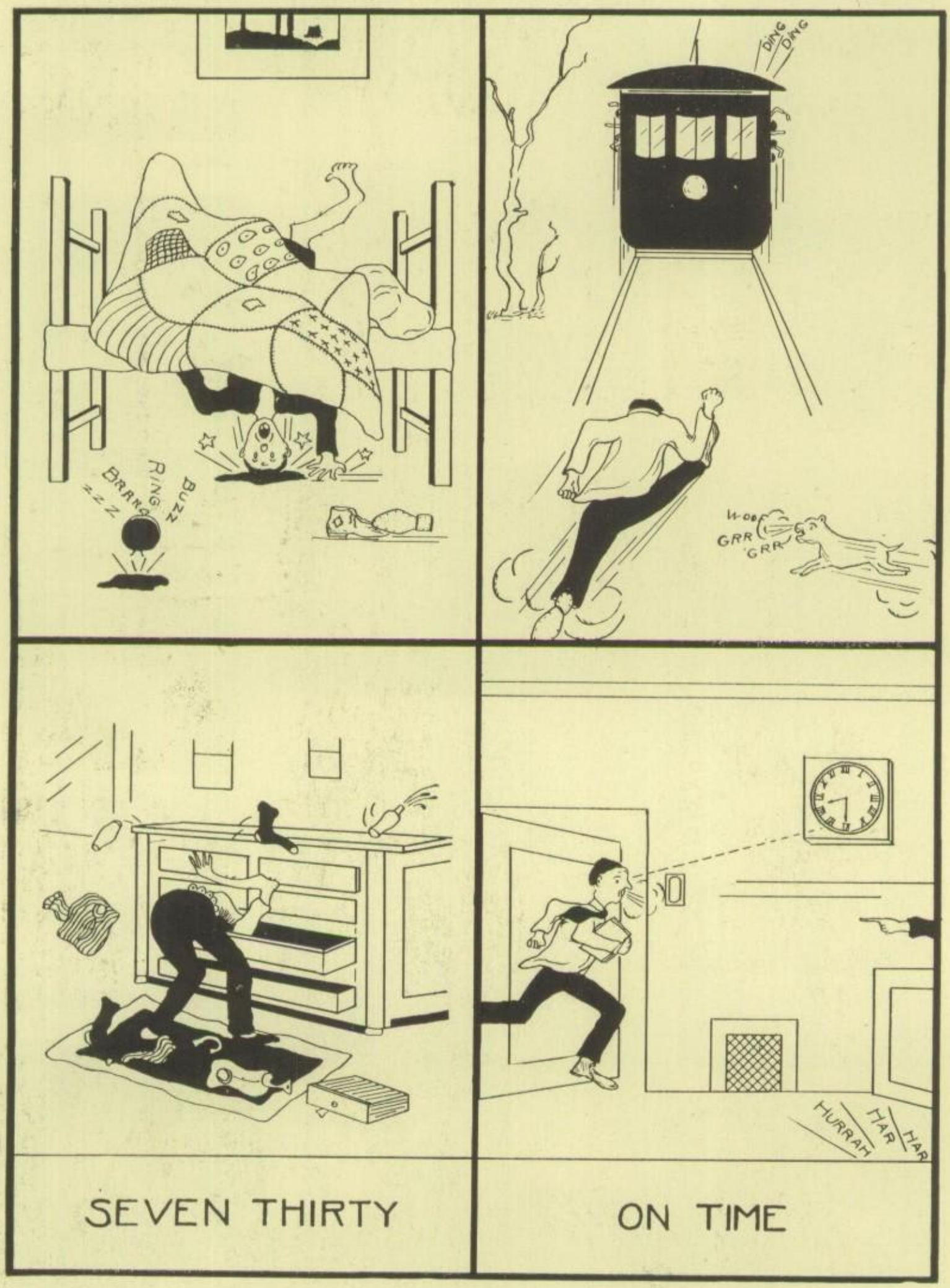
Alone

A merry bunch

Home James!

A Edith R.

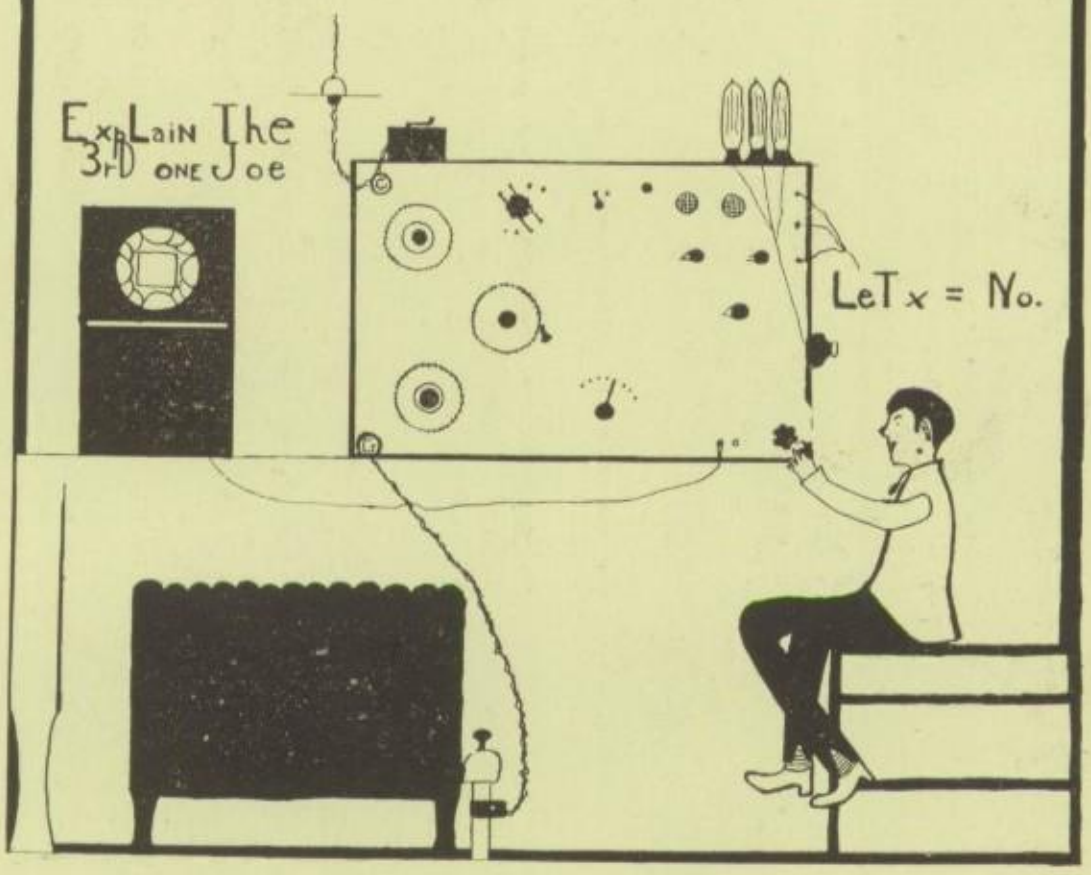
Homage



SEVEN THIRTY

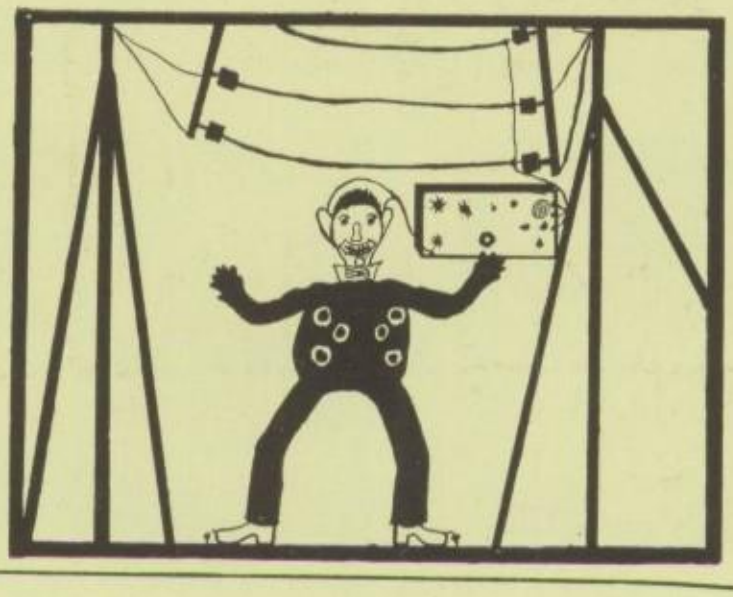
ON TIME

RADIO IN 2300.



THE SPARK PLUG

THE RADIO BUG



So high

Lapham Reminiscence

Our hobby

Peek-a-boo

Pat at Camp

Two to one

Love me

Enter-escort

Pretty birdie

Just bobbed

Eleanor

Ready to go

Sunning

Indians

After the snow-storm

Flower among flowers

All the time in the world

Want a bite?

A modern Hercules

A Sunday stroll

Irene

O, Ev!

A regular boy

Fran G.

Woodsey music Up in the world

Loving up

Happy

End of a perfect hike

Sweet '16

THE Freshies cower when teachers come,
And chew their nails in fear.
But in later years I'm sure that they
Will stand right up and cheer.

Charles Fess: "Do you think I will make a good typewriter?"

Miss Ferguson: "I don't know, Bud, maybe you had better try to be a typist."

Miss Regan: "Randall, what is a procrastinator?"

Randall: "One who puts things off."

Miss Regan: "Yes; perhaps you have known one in your life."

F. A. and E. E. meet in the hall the third period.

F. A.: Oh, Esser, I've got the swellest joke to tell you.

E. E.: Hurry up with it—where'd you get it?

F. A.: Oh, I forgot the name of the book but the name is—I forgot it, but I'll tell you the joke.

E. E.: All right, but hurry.

F. A.: A—a—Oh, darn; I forgot it.

—B. M. B.

Them Days Is Gone Forever

When Myrtle Lunder wore her hair in curls.

When Dorothy Kurz took the part of a blushing bride.

When Ralph Kamm was as innocent as he looks.

When Melva got to school on time.

When Anna Schunning had no time for men.

When Alice N. wrote no notes.

When Mary T. forgot to get jealous.

When John knew his Latin like a book.

When Bob Schlaak walked to school.

When Al Larson won the favor of the teachers.

When Raymond S. was mussed up.

When Harold A. blushed every time he looked at a girl.

Can You Imagine

MRS. Rodewald not helping somebody?

Miss Kuhns without a smile?

Billie Sidell as an innocent country girl?

Harry Nelson as a clergyman?

Gregory Goddertz as the fattest midget in the world?

Esther Baldwin with four cons?

Mr. Otterson not keeping someone after school?

Harold Armstrong a fierce enemy of Grace Botham?

A school with Maynard Levenick as principal?

Miss Leary teaching singing?

Fred Kurz in an interpretive dancing class?

Grace Botham going to a show alone?

John Mackin with black hair?

Margaret Hoff not smiling?

Frances Aylward not talking about Peter?

Randall Hutchins in short pants?

Peter Hamacher with a heart?

Phil McCurdy with his hair mussed up?

Dorothy Hess a flapper?

Clifford Halverson with four E's?

Louise New as a toe-dancer?

Al Larson (noting B. Esser's hair cut): "Say, Betty, who cut your hair?"

B. Esser (short and snappy): "Barber."

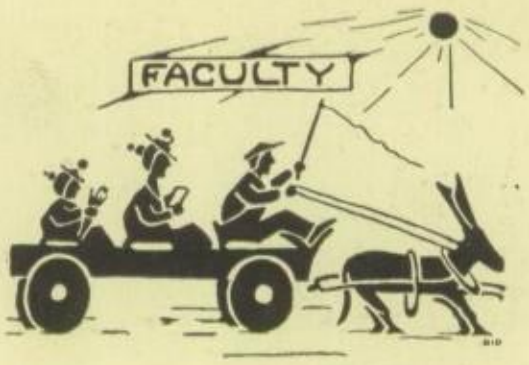
Al Larson: "Who? Morris?"

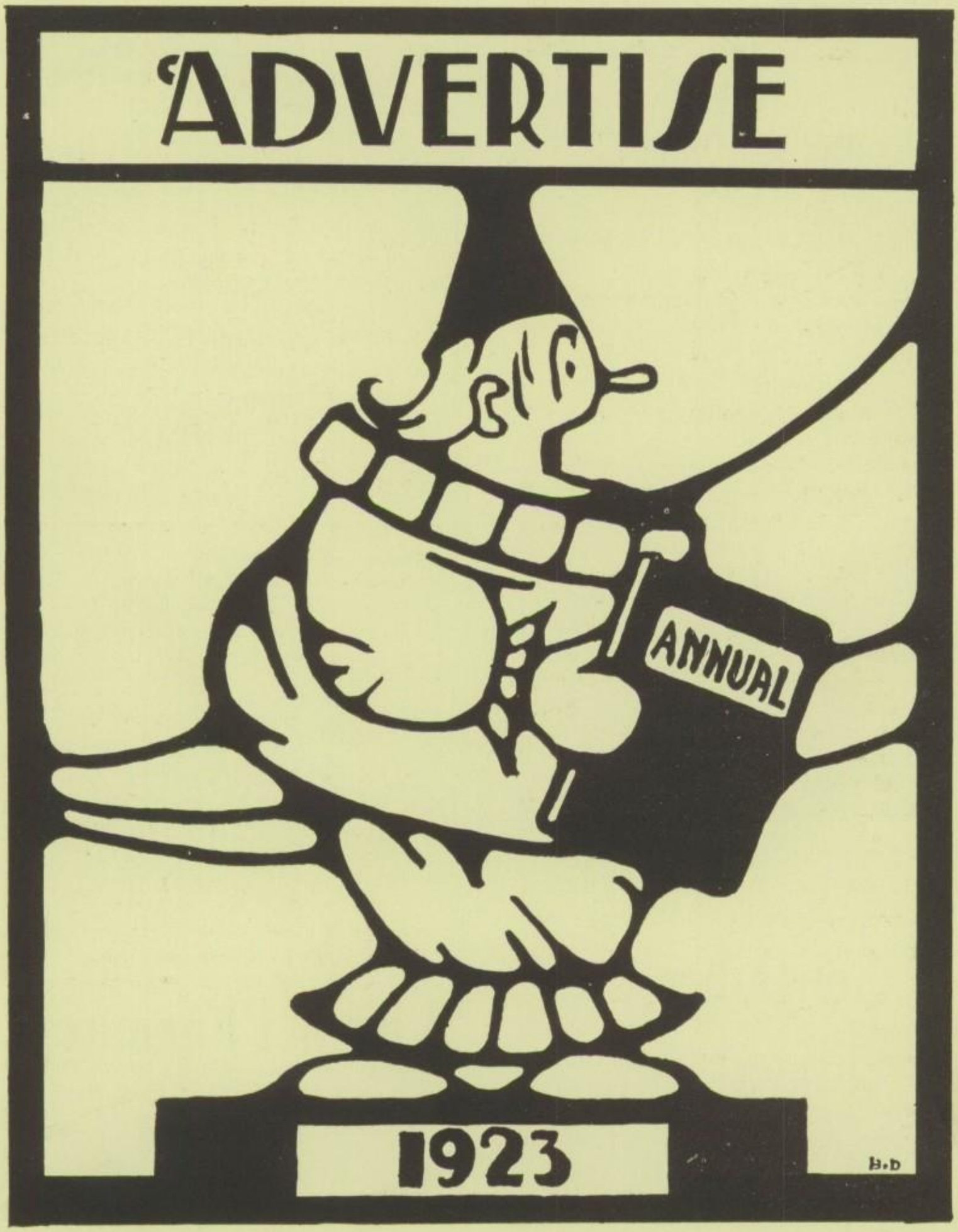
Miss Cook: "John, why didn't you complete the experiment on the tempering of steel?"

Student: "I began heating the steel as you said and the first thing I knew the strip of steel lost its temper, so I could not complete the experiment while it was in such a state".

Miss Strong: "Who wrote Gulliver's Travels?"

Philip McCurdy: "Gulliver."

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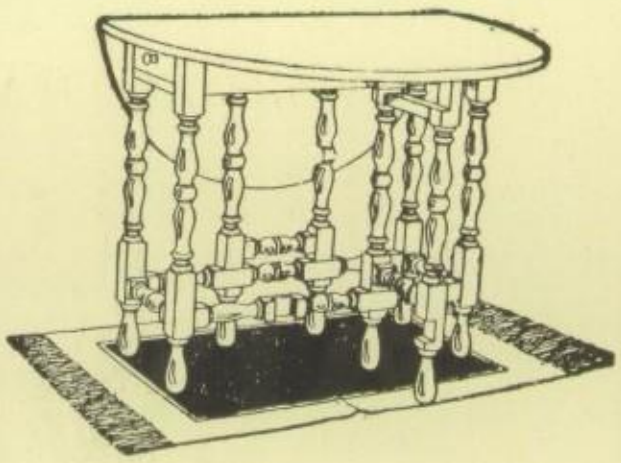

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This table folds up completely when not in service. A long, narrow drawer adds much to its utility.

A good home is a place where we are surrounded by furniture we like.

C. R. JERDIN

113 King st. 119 S. Pinckney St.

MISS BRABANT (reading to the class): "I know my nose is all wrong."
E. ESSER: "Yah!!!!"

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MISS HARGRAVE: "Why didn't you come in and see me before you went home yesterday?"

DONALD (After bumming): "Oh, I went past your door but I didn't hear you so I didn't come in."

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WILLARD (translating): "Alas, do you know —— alas?"

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MISS EDWARDS: "Lucy, give several examples of a fox's food."
LUCY PECKHAM: "Wild grapes and cheese."

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MISS LEARY (complaining about the stubbornness of some frosh: "They were descended not from monkeys, but from mules."

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I suppose Violet will be wearing anchors for earrings next.

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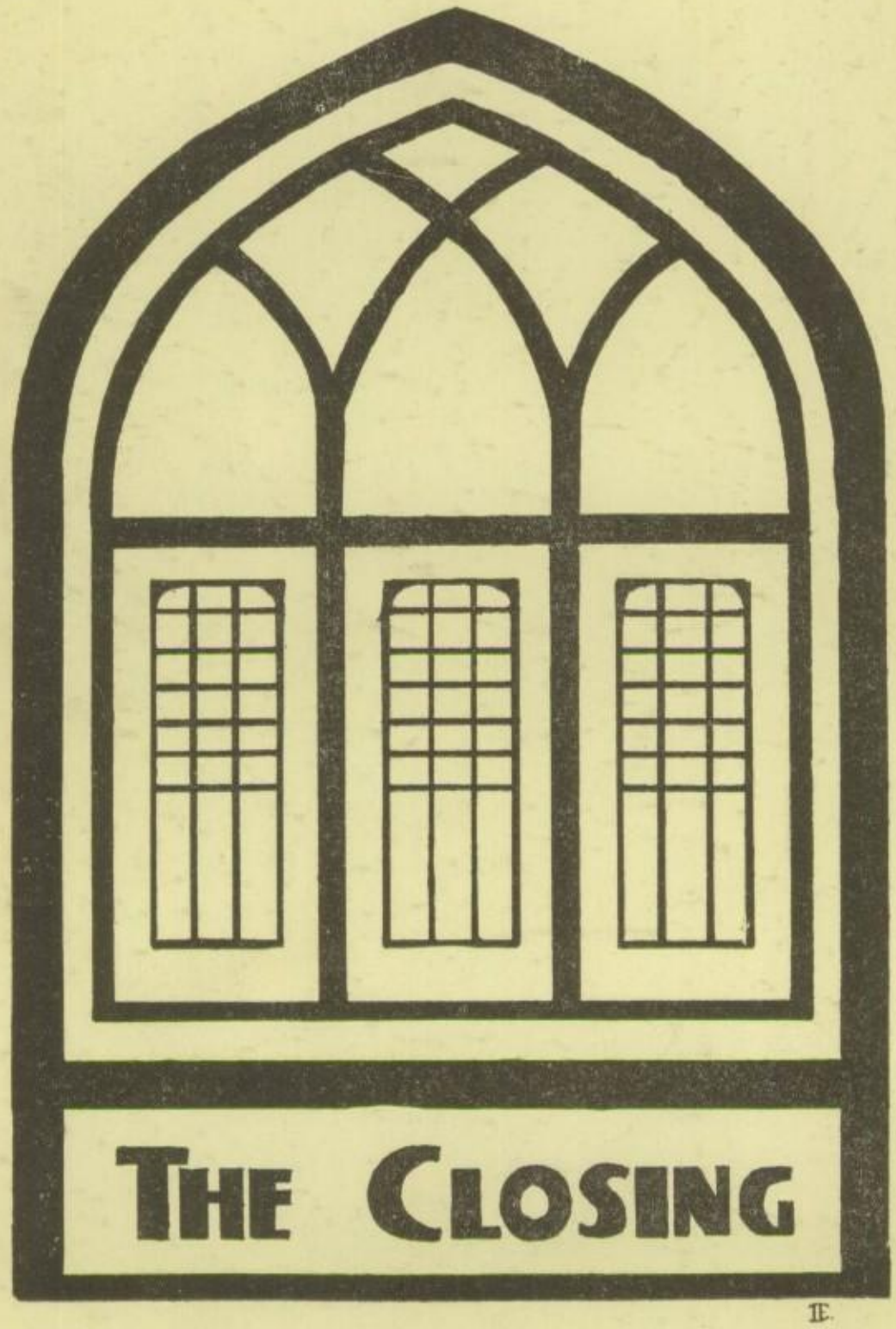

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